NEXT ISSUE!

Next issue we'll be leaving THE TIME MACHINE behind and setting our sinister sights on the Far East—on the Land of the Rising Monsters, Japan, to be exact. Not only that, but we'll be taking it upon our sloped shoulders to cover not one, not two, but ALL of Japan's giant monsters in an indepth film survey by Japinese creature scholar Don Frey. Every monster of any stature—from Godzilla to Gammera—will be discussed, praised, and criticized ... in fact, mainly criticized. But what's a little controversy between friends? We think the the Big G & Co. can handle any criticism leveled by mere mini-mortals like us.

Also featured in the next issue of THE MONSTER TIMES will be Part the Second of Joe Kane's LADIES OF THE FRIGHT, a look at sexism on the scream scene, this time focusing on wild women, cat-ladies, and matronly monsters. You'll want to reserve your spot behind the barricades as hordes of understandably unhinged women strike back at their male chauvinist overseers in an orgy of violent revenge. On an even heavier note, we'll

also be inaugurating a unique new feature—the TMT LECTURE SERIES OF THE AIR. We don't want to tell you exactly what it is or why we're calling it that at this point in time—but we think you'll be intrigued when you see it. Also slated to appear in our next awesome issue will be Rob Comorosky's profile on the CREATORS OF THE BIZARRE: MONSTERDOM'S MAKEUP MEN, a report on the Great Occult Superheroes of the comics, plus a pair of perverse previews of Amicus Productions' TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE and Toho's newest Big G outing, GODZILLA VS. GIGAN.

And that's without mentioning all the great stuff that we've neglected to mention. There'll be all kinds of surprising things crawling out of the weird works next time too, and we think it would be a wise idea to set aside enough bread to match the measly purchase price of the next issue of TMT now.

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Star Trek has been off the air for a bunch of years now, but the cult of Trekkies grows and grows. The latest additions are six photographic posters in black and white of your favorite STAR TREK characters. All are a sharp 17" by 22" black and whites. Only $1.00 each and 45¢ postage.

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the Monster Times

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the Monster Times

This horribly hideous hag-type person hails from Bert I. Gordon's THE MAGIC SWORD (1962) and is so impeccably horrifying that she even scares US ... and we don't scare easily (not when it comes to monsters at least—bill collectors, yes—but not monsters). In fact, we were so taken aback by this vile vision that we couldn't even think of a single tasteless remark that might add a dash of levity to this page. What's even more frightening is the fact that this wicked witch is but one of a veritable horde of fear-inspiring females on display in Part the First of Joe Kane's LADIES OF THE FRIGHT, a heavily researched study of the sinister sisterhood of the screen. You'll find all the gruesome details on page 10.

In addition to encountering those less than lovely ladies, you'll also be meeting up with the likes of William Shatner (in an exclusive TMT interview), ZARDOZ, the inhabitants of MADHOUSE, The Heap and all his amorphous allies from Comicdom's swamps, the intrepid adventurer at the controls of THE TIME MACHINE, and other people, places and especially things that you won't forget in a hurry. Why, muddling through THE MONSTER TIMES is even more fun wallowing in Watergate. It's true, too. I mean, would we lie to you?"

(*Answer next issue.)

Volume 1. Number 34

the Monster Times

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

Cover credits go to Crest Films for this female fiend from their obscure 1957 release, SHE-FREAK, and to the entire staff of the TMT Art Dept., who pitched in one and all to bring you this wonderful cover without indulging in harshly any time- and energy-consuming ego trips.

For all of you TMT readers who are thoroughly sick of simian subjects, let it be known that this issue contains almost no items about apes, gorillas, or simians of any size, shape or stripe. At the risk of alienating our ape allies, we've decided to call a moratorium on monsters of a simian persuasian ... at least until we've fully recovered from our All-Ape issue. In accordance with this policy, bananas have been temporarily banned from the TMT office, and any editor caught beating his chest without a VERY good reason for doing so will be in for serious trouble. Despite this decision, one or two apes still managed to sneak they way into this issue. Our advice is to just ignore them ... to turn the page without so much as a backwards glance until such time as all the ill effects resulting from last issue's overexposure to apes have completely disappeared.

NEFARIOUS NEWS DEPT.: You may recall that last issue we talked a little about the rise of hillbilly horror films, like MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN and the LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK. In another example of life imitating film, President Nixon staged an impromptu production of the PHANTOM OF THE OPRY when he turned up at the opening of the new Grand Old Opry House in Nashville, Tennessee and proceeded to pound out several songs on the Opry House piano. Since it's considered impolite to give even an unpopular president the hook, Mr. Nixon had a captive audience, though no one, it seems, stayed for the unmasking scene. In other news, it's been reported to the TMT office that the Mummy is feeling much better and that the bandages are slated to come off sometime next week.

As for the issue at paw, we're starting off this time by giving the royal TMT filmbook treatment to H.G. Wells' THE TIME MACHINE, brought to the screen in 1960 by George Pal and to the pages of TMT in 1974 by scare scholar Jason Thomas.

Elsewhere in this issue is Joe Kane's LADIES OF THE FRIGHT, a study of male chauvinism in the horror film and a report on female fiends' slow ascent to their rightful place in the genre. William Shatner, once and future Captain Kirk of STAR TREK, found himself trapped by TMT Media Editor R. Allen Leider and took the polite way out by consenting to give an in-depth interview, the results of which you'll find on page 10. Rounding out this typically gala issue of TMT are previews of a pair of new cinematic shockers, John Boorman's ZARDOZ and Amicus Productions' MADHOUSE; a report on Al Schuster's 1974 International Star Trek Convention; and, for comics fans, articles about the Rise of the Swamp Creatures and the infiltration of terror, horror and paranoia (three of our favorite subjects) into the underground comix industry. Of course, and as per expected, the issue will also be filled with all kinds surprises.

So what does it all add up to? Another information-packed issue of THE MONSTER TIMES, like as not. No wonder we call ourselves "The Thinking Man's Monster Mag." Other people might have other, not-so-generous names for us, but it would take us several pages to repeat them all, so let's just let sleeping monsters lie. □

Joe

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2 **MONSTROUS MISSIVES!:** More praise, queries and critiques from TMT readers 'round the world ... from the bustling burg of Winnebago, Minnesota to the hustling hub of Elmsford, N.Y.

3 **THE TIME MACHINE!:** With steady hand and stiff upper lip, H.G. Wells' intrepid time-traveller takes a terror trip into the future in our filmbook of George Pal's THE TIME MACHINE

6 **UNDERGROUND HORRORS!:** TMT comics correspondent Mark Evanier reports on the rise of horror in the underground comix industry, where forthright paranoia continues to prevail.

9 **STAR TREK LIVES AGAIN!:** TMT presents an exclusive photo essay on the recent Star Trek Convention held in the wilds of Fun City.

10 **SHATNER SPEAKS!:** Hot off the low-budget battery-powered TMT tape recorder comes this informative interview with William Shatner, an actor unafraid to speak his mind.

12 **THEY CRAWLED FROM OUT OF THE SWAMP!:** And into the hearts of millions. Shapeless heaps of foul-smelling slime are the comic book rage of the age, and comics whiz Doug Murray tells why herein.

15 **HEADY HORROR!:** John Boorman's cerebral sci-fi film, ZARDOZ, has already won its fair share of fans and detractors. R. Allen Leider's seen the film ... and it works.

16 **THE IMMORTAL CREW OF THE USS-ENTERPRISE!:** In salute to the 1974 International Star Trek Convention, our centerfold features a pan-galactic portrait of the immortal members of the STAR TREK crew

19 **FEMALE FIENDS!:** Joe Kane examines the history of lady monsters in the horror film and finds evidence of unfair play on the part of male chauvinist moviemakers.

23 **CURSE OF THE MONSTER SCENE!:** Being another timely edition of our ever-popular feature that tells it "like it is" and "how it should be" ... not to mention "as it was."

24 **MADHOUSE!:** Vincent Price teams up with Peter Cushing and Robert Quarry in a new fright film from the folks who brought you TALES FROM THE CRYPT

26 **THE TERRORTYPE!:** Our hard-working crew of creature columnists report on the latest horror happenings in every lienduish phase of the media.

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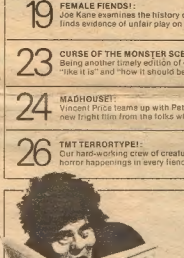

TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor...

You guys down there at TMT must be trying to give Ray Harryhausen a complex of something! After the way you treat FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK, you turn around and say that the Rhedosaurus was an actual reptile that lived over 100 million years ago. Baloney!

I've read that the Rhedosaurus was an animal dreamed up by someone on the Warner Bros. crew.

The rest of the issue was, as is usual, fantastic. I'm finally glad to see that INDEPENDENT-INTERNATIONAL films was put in its place.

One Saturday night, I missed watching the OMEGA MAN to see FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.

TMT is the best thing to happen to horror films since Boris Karloff!

Tom Woodruff
Morrisonville, Pa.

That's right—we're wrong. The Rhedosaurus was not the name of an actual dinosaur. We'll admit we make mistakes now and again. But after all, we're only human—at best.

To the Editor...

Son-of-a-gun! You did it! You published an issue with technological science fiction in it! (I'm referring, of course, to issue 31.) Many moons ago I wrote a fan letter asking for science fiction with heavy emphasis on science. And now, with the WAR OF THE WORLDS article, you have done just that! Thank you, thank you, a hundred times thank you! That was exactly what I had in mind. But don't stop now. There's plenty more scientific-SF movies I'd like to see in your mag—KRONOS, for one. (KRONOS is especially pertinent now because we have an energy crisis of our own.) Keep up the good work, as they say, and I'll be waiting hungrily.

Steve Konrad
Winnebago, Minnesota

We certainly did it! And there'll be more of that in the future! In fact, there's no telling what we might be thinking of next. As for KRONOS, he—along with other great metal monsters of the screen—will be discussed in an upcoming two-part article on screen robots soon to appear in an issue of this very publication.

To the Editor...

I am a subscriber to The Monster Times and I am writing because I think I have the answer to your Mystery Actor in issue no. 31, page 22 in the Monster Times Teletype. I think he is Frank Gorshin. If by any chance I win, start my free subscription with issue no. 35. My old subscription ends with issue no. 34. I hope I win.

Steve Marino
Ridgefield, Conn.

Sorry, Steve, but our mystery man isn't Frank Gorshin. Don't feel too bad, though you're only one of scores who haven't been able to identify him. So, since no one's solved the mystery as yet and just to keep you in suspense, we're not going to tell you who it is until next time. See what devious power TMT wields?

To the Editor...

In TMT #32, you published a short article by Mark Evanier on his underground comic, HIGH ADVENTURE, which I found incredibly irritating. I can say in all honesty that HIGH ADVENTURE was one of the dullest and most unimaginative comics I have ever read, either above or underground.

Evanier denies that he was attempting to emulate the establishment comics, and calls HA an alternative. An alternative to what? If he was attempting to provide a direct contrast to the establishment comics, he did a very poor job, for HA reminds me of nothing so much as a lesser quality DC or Marvel book.

Evanier claims that HA is innovative, and is suitable for the reader with a "palate for the different and daring." There are plenty of underground comix that fit this description (notably titles like Fever Dreams and Grilsnot), but HIGH ADVENTURE is definitely not one of them. I'm waiting for HA #2, and I hope that by then, Evanier will have realized that "innovation" means more than throwing a few naked girls into an otherwise dull and pointless story.

Robert Trombetta
Elmsford, New York

We might not agree with everything you say in your letter, Rob, but we'll certainly defend to the death your right to say it. And while it's true there's a lot of new talent on underground comix scene, we still think that R. Crumb's the best of the lot. That's only one magazine's opinion, of course, but there you have it and there you go.

To the Editor...

I've been reading your paper for five issues now, and you are very informative and treat stories well, and I would like to see you have many more years on the newsstands.

I've heard a lot said about films being fabulous in the forties, and all about how bad some of the films of the fifties and early sixties were in the horror field. I disagree. I believe the best horror films and science fiction films were made in the late and middle fifties through the early sixties. Sure, a lot were low budget films. However, good acting can overcome any size budget. The actors in some of these films aren't very well known, such as Myron Healey, Richard Miller, Jonathan Haze, Richard Garland—small actors who to me were at times more fascinating than the big stars of horror. Let's hear about the little-known actors who played in those films, instead of about Cushing, Lee, Price and Quarry every issue. Sure the biggies are great, but let's hear more about those character actors of horror for a change, okay? Thanks for your indulgence.

Billy Wilkerson
West Columbia, S.C.

We agree that the actors you mention (as well as some you don't—Ed Nelson, Richard Devon and others of the Roger Corman stock company) often turned in solid performances—and frequently in films that had little else to recommend them. Still, more readers are interested in the bigger names and actors who are still very active in the fright field, so we give them greater coverage. We have discussed some of your favorites from time to time, however, and, until we do so again, perhaps your letter will keep these unsung actors fresh in our readers' monstrous minds.

Got a gripe? Somethin' you want to get off your hairy chest? Or, perchance, a nice note of praise for your friendly fiends at TMT? Then send them straight to us. Remember: it takes all kinds ... and so do we. Address all correspondences to: To the Editor, THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 589, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

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THE TIME MACHINE

BY JASON THOMAS

In his quenchless quest for a better world, H.G. Wells' courageous Time Traveller presses the lever forward that will propel him into the far future. Awaiting his arrival are several hostile, hungry Morlocks—a tribe of nuclear mutants who have a decidedly unfriendly welcome in store for our innocent explorer.

In 1895 sci-fi master H.G. Wells penned THE TIME MACHINE, a tale that, according to some film historians, was itself influenced by the techniques and early magic of the motion picture. Wells communicated often with British film pioneer Robert Paul prior to writing THE TIME MACHINE and was said to be deeply impressed by the possibilities of film. Even so, it was another 65 years before Wells' story of the intrepid Victorian time-traveller who seeks a world without war finally reached the screen through the efforts of cinemagician George Pal, who won a special effects Oscar for his troubles. TMT's own sinister cinema scholar Jason Thomas recounts that incredible time trip herewith...

I well remember how it all began. It was in the year 1899 that I finished work on my secret project. Actually, at that point, I was not even certain that my fourth dimensional gadget would work. I had only my theories to go by.

On the afternoon of December 31, I gave a unique demonstration to my four closest friends at my home. I began by showing them the fruit of two years of labor ... a miniature time machine! I next explained the concept of the fourth dimension: time. As I did so, I removed my experimental model from its box and set the device on a table.

Pointing to the tiny control console, I explained, "Forward pressure on this lever sends the machine into the future, backward pressure into the past. The harder the pressure, the faster the machine travels." As I spoke, I pushed the lever forward. The device hummed for a moment ... and then vanished!

My companions were amazed. The model was gone—speeding through time. I pointed out that my display could not be repeated, since the device could not be retrieved. That was why I needed witnesses.

My companions, except for David, my dearest friend, were angry. They did not agree with my explanation of the principles of time travel. Nor did they understand how one could not feel the machine if it was occupying the same space, albeit in a different time zone. After one of them commented that I should be working on more sensible things, three of my guests left.

At David's inquiry about my preoccupation with time, I answered, "I don't care much for the time I was born into. It seems people aren't dying fast enough these days! They call upon science to invent new, more efficient weapons to depopulate the Earth ... and we have wars ... I prefer the future! I can go where I want to go!"

As soon as he was gone, I locked myself in my laboratory. Without hesitation, I seated myself in the full-scale version of my time machine!

I was determined to attempt a trip into the future!

A TRIP IN TIME

After again considering the dangers involved, I grasped the lever with my right hand, pushing it forward ever so

Exploring the strange new world in which he finds himself, the Time Traveller approaches the dining hall of the Eloi, the most passive and lethargic people to appear on Earth since the 1950s.

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The newly awakened Eloi assist our hero in igniting the wells that lead to the subterranean dwellings of the soon-to-be-extinct Morlocks, the flaccid fiends of Earth Future who have been leading the Eloi by the ears to their doom.

slightly. The laboratory grew faint around me. I stopped the machine several seconds later. The dials showing the day, month and year had not altered, and I naturally wondered if my experiment had been successful. Then I noticed the clock that was hanging on the wall ... it showed that nearly two hours had elapsed. Yet a check of my watch revealed that, within the sphere of the machine, only a few seconds had passed by! My time travel device worked!

I must confess I became a bit intoxicated by my success. I had been traveling very slowly and I wondered how it would be if I went faster. I moved the lever forward, and the time dial began to spin. Although I was invisible to everything around me, I could see all the amazing events that were transpiring. I saw the sun rise and fall in an arc in less than a minute. I watched the moon racing through clouds in an instant. For a while, I was mesmerized by the astounding view ... I saw an entire storm take place in just a few seconds. It was amazing! I pushed the lever on toward even greater speeds, and years flew by. Finally, in the year 1917, I stopped.

Disembarking from the machine, I was both astounded and depressed by the sight that greeted me. My once well-equipped laboratory was a veritable wreck! The windows were boarded up and everything was filthy. My house was in a similar state of disrepair. Outside, it was the same. No one had cared for my house in seventeen years.

After I composed myself, I took a look around, and then espied a familiar face.

"David!" I cried. But it was not him. It turned out to be his son, James. He told me how his father—my dear friend—had been killed in a war only a year earlier. I expressed my regret and then asked about the "fellow who used to live across the street." He informed me that the inventor had disappeared around the turn of the century.

It was then that I knew my fate. Either by choice or circumstances beyond my control, I was destined never to return to the year 1900—or so I thought. This came as somewhat of a surprise to me, and I was a bit fearful of the future. My thoughts were interrupted by James, who inquired if I was a returnee from the war. I asked him what he was referring to, and he replied that England had been at war with Germany since 1914. I left him then. I should have known better than to think that a mere seventeen years would change mankind.

I returned to my laboratory to resume my flight into the future. As I went along, I gained experience in handling the machine. I found that I could stop for a day, an hour, or even a second, to observe, and then go ahead for a year or two, catching glimpses of the changing world. As I went on, I noticed that man had perfected flying machines. These, too, were used as implements of war. I wondered if, in the event that man ever developed space vehicles, he would carry his destruction beyond his own planet. Surely, there must be some end to this madness!

In 1940, I began to be buffeted from side to side. My first thought was that the machine had broken down. But then I looked up, through the open ceiling—the roof had broken somewhere in time—and I saw that science had progressed in developing their flying machines, as well as their greater implements of destruction. There must have been an interval of peace between this war and the one in 1914, yet man had learned nothing but to prepare more effective means of destroying himself. Just before my house exploded, I decided to push on into time, past all wars. But I found that impossible ...

In the year 1966, I again stopped my machine. I stepped outside the demolished building and marveled at the sights. Massive, shiny structures had replaced the houses around my own, and strange, bug-like metal objects were moving swiftly through the streets. I felt very out of place as people passed by me, staring at my antiquated attire. Suddenly, the blaring sound of a siren disrupted the calmness. Everyone stopped and stared up at the sky. Then they ran, toward signs that read "SHELTER." I watched them flee like cattle, running for safety against I knew not what.

Abruptly, I saw an old man emerge from a nearby building. It was Jamie, David's son! He was wearing a metal hat, and a uniform of sorts. "What's happening?" I asked excitedly.

"Air raid! It'll be coming any minute! Get to the shelter!"

I did not comply, and he lingered there with me a moment longer. He appeared to recognize me, but his mind refused to accept the truth. Then he pointed to the sky and shouted, "It's here! An atomic satellite! Run!" As he hurried off, I ran for my machine. It was obvious that the approaching object was dangerous, and I did not want to take the chance of having my time machine damaged.

I reached the device just as the alien object struck the ground. The explosion that followed was tremendous! It literally blew the city apart! Luckily, it was far enough away so I was not injured. But it made me ill. The labor of centuries was gone in an instant. I had not seen the actual explosion, but I watched as a mushroom-like cloud formed over the illuminated area of destruction. It was awful! Certainly, no living thing could have survived such a blast! London was no more ...

EARTH ERUPTS!

Suddenly, without warning, Mother Earth, aroused by man's violence, responded with volcanic fury of her own. The street split, and molten lava poured forth. Within moments, everything in front of me was inundated by the flowing lake of death. I watched and then realized my own danger! I too was about to be engulfed! I quickly pushed the control lever all the way forward! An instant later, the red liquid was upon me! It covered what was left of my home and then hardened. Only my speed saved me too quickly. It spun around and toppled. I hit the ground with a thud, but was not harmed. Dusting myself off, I righted the machine and looked at the date. It was the year 802,701!

At last I thought that I had found a paradise. The air was clear and sweet-smelling, the vegetation beautiful, and the atmosphere so peaceful that I could hardly believe I was still on Earth. After removing a crystal knob from my machine—thus rendering it inoperable—I walked over to one of the buildings. To my dismay, I found the edifice to be in great need of repair. From its appearance, it had not been serviced or lived in for centuries. Could this land truly be a paradise, if there was no one in it but myself? I walked up the stairs and into a great hall. There was fresh, gigantic fruit set in bowls, but no one was about. I called out, but only my echo replied.

I left the chamber and walked some distance away from the building. Then I heard human voices! Hungry for companionship, and overwhelmed with curiosity, I crashed through the foliage as I ran to meet the inheritors of future Earth. The voices grew louder. There was laughter. I was going in the right direction! Finally, I reached a clearing. What I saw astounded me. The people were all young and beautiful, and perfectly formed, though small. They were basking in the sunlight or swimming. Apparently, all knowledge of work and hardship had been forgotten. Now man had time only for pleasure.

The Time Traveller observes the fate waiting the entranced Eloi, who are enslaved by the flabby, whip-wielding Morlocks and then eaten. If anything, the Earth of 802,701 A.D. is even worse than the 20th Century from which our hero was so bent upon escaping.

Suddenly I heard a cry for help! Looking around, I saw a young woman being swept away by the current. No one was paying any attention to her frantic shouts. "Help her!" I yelled. "Don't just sit there! Someone help her!" But no one responded to my call. It was as if the residents of the future did not know, or care, about the danger. I threw off my jacket and leaped in after her. I saved her life, but when we reached the shore, all she did was get up and walk off!

Suddenly, all of the people got up and headed toward the building I had explored. I accompanied them and sat at one of the tables. As we ate the delicious fruit, I asked them many questions. I soon learned that they were a non-productive society. They had no government, no laws. No one worked. They did not even cultivate the crops that were before us! In fact, they had reached such a state of lethargy that my very questions began to tire them!

They were disinterested in my statement that I was from the past. Finally, however, one of them took me to

BAD BRAKE

In my excitement, I braked the machine from being roasted alive and encased in stone forever. I was in the dark, cut off from the life-giving sunlight. I lit a match to see what year it was, but the time dial spun so fast that I could not distinguish anything. I prayed, wondering how many centuries must pass before the wind and rain could wear away the mountain of lava that enclosed me. I wondered if man would still exist on Earth when next I saw the sun.

I put my trust in time and waited for the rock to wear down around me. Then, finally, I was free again! An opening appeared in the top of the layer, and I watched in awe as the rock wore away. I watched vegetation spring up around me again and in the distance I could see the construction of strange-looking buildings. So man had survived! Or ... had something replaced man as the dominant race on Earth? I pondered this possibility for a while and then decided to find out the truth for myself.

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Even the infuriatingly apathetic Eloi are infinitely preferable to the underground Morlocks who are interested in achieving nothing, beyond the methodical decimation of the aboveground populace. Doesn't sound like progress to us.

their library. The shelves were covered with a multitude of books and dust. I anxiously grabbed one of the volumes ... and it crumbled in my hands!

This was too much! "What have you done?" I shouted, startling them. "You've allowed thousands of years of creating crumble to dust! For what? So you can swim and play? I'm sick of you! You're a disgusting bunch of loafers who don't deserve any of this!"

With that, I left them. I walked back sadly to where I had left my time machine, determined to return to my own era. At least men lived there. I would not tell anyone of the future. I only wanted to return so that I could die among men ...

When I reached the spot where I had left the device, I saw to my horror that it was gone! I quickly checked my pocket to make sure that the crystal was there. It was. Without it, the machine could not be started. I found evidence that the device had been dragged behind a metal wall, part of a building that had a sphinx-like structure on its roof. I pounded on the door, yelling, "Let me in!" I was furious, but my attempts were in vain.

SINISTER SUBTERRANEANS

I turned around and discovered that Weena, the girl whose life I had saved, had followed me. She had come to warn me that, since night was falling, I should find safety. When I asked her why, she said something about Morlocks—a race of beings who lived beneath the earth and came out only in darkness.

Of course, I considered what she said to be a fairy tale. Ignoring her pleas, I began gathering some wood for a fire. As I spread out the wood, I noticed that someone was watching us from the dense bushes. I lit the match to find out who it was, and the watcher screamed and fled. "A Morlock!" Weena informed me.

It seemed that the Morlocks could not stand light. They were dangerous creatures of the night, inhuman in mind and form. I convinced Weena that the fire would protect us, and she confessed that she had never seen a flame before. As we sat there, conversing, I decided that her people did need help after all. They lived in constant terror of the monstrous beings who, by the way, were the ones who had stolen my time machine.

The next day, Weena took me to an isolated section of the library and led me to a glass table, atop which lay several shiny discs. Picking one up, she said, "These talking buttons may tell you what you want to know." She was right. The voice-coins related the events leading up to and following the last war on Earth. It had been an atomic war, and most of humanity had been wiped out. The survivors divided themselves into two groups. One of these went below ground, seeking safety from the lethal radiation. They formed their own civilization under the earth and eventually evolved into the creatures known as Morlocks. Weena told me the rest. Those who had remained aboveground became known as Eloi and they were eventually subjugated by the Morlocks. While the creatures cared for the Eloi, providing them with food and clothing, they occasionally took the older humans down into the ground. The adults were never heard from again, and I could only guess what their collective fate was.

When I asked Weena how I could reach the Morlocks, she led me to a group of large concrete holes in the ground. I told her that I was going to descend one of them, and she became very sad. After telling me that I would never return, she gave me a beautiful flower, the likes of which I had never seen before. I thanked her, realizing that she had taken a liking to me, and then began my downward journey.

Shortly after I began my descent, I heard a loud siren. The sound was very

The Time Traveller wages a one-man war against a multitude of monstrous Morlocks. Though shamefully out of shape, the Morlocks, in terms of sheer numbers, would seem to have the edge.

reminiscent of the one I had heard that fateful day in 1966. Surely, no aircraft had survived the eons. I called to Weena, but she did not reply. Suspecting that something was wrong, I climbed out of the well.

ELOI'S COMING!

Reaching the surface, I saw a great crowd of the Eloi. They were all walking, trance-like, toward the sphinx structure, where the air raid sirens originated. The people seemed hypnotized by the piercing sound. I grabbed one of them and demanded, "What's happening? Where are you all going?"

"To the shelter," he replied. "To safety."

I could not believe my ears. Could some distant, unseen enemy still be waging war on the defenseless people of the future?

I ran on, trying desperately to find Weena, my only friend. Though she had been safe within her house, she had left it to warn me of the Morlocks. This proved that mankind was not doomed to atrophy. Weena possessed a sacrificing quality, which, I was certain, existed in all of her people; all that was required was someone to reawaken the spirit of self-sacrifice. I was determined to do that and I hoped only that I would be given the opportunity to succeed.

Continued on page 29

The Eloi are no help at all in the initial stages of the struggle, but the Time Traveller finally succeeds in inspiring them to join in the fight for their own survival.

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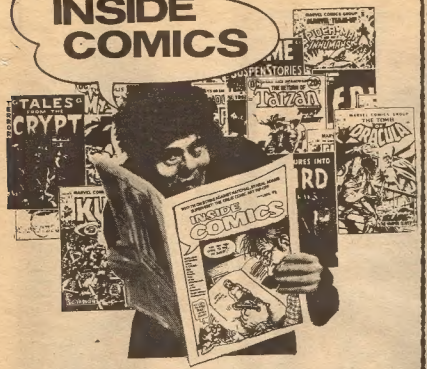
INSIDE COMICS



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The underground comics industry began in high style, replacing the wooly-minded morality tales found in straight comics with political satire, surrealistic humor and, the most shocking ingredient of all, honesty. At first the field was dominated by the perverse, confessional and almost always accurate humor of Robert Crumb, the satirical violence of S. Clay Wilson and the more traditional Freak Brothers strips of Gilbert Shelton. Later, underground comics began encompassing other forms, like Justin Green's excellent novel-like BINKY BROWN MEETS THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY and the more recent spate of horror-oriented undergrounds. Here to report on the latter is TMT underground comix ace Mark Evanier...

To not have taken note of the recent surge of underground comics, you'd have to be genuinely living under ground. It was not so long ago that they started, selling first as novelty items. The sight of pornographic and pseudo-pornographic goings-on in **comic books** made for quite the conversation piece; something to show to your friends and all chortle over. Fortunately, as the novelty wore off, there were skilled writers and artists there to make underground comics worth reading for **themselves**; not merely for the humorous juxtaposition of classic comic book size and shape with "counter-culture" philosophies and morality.

GRIM FEARY TALES

Though much of the underground material is pure humor, **horror** has now become a mainstay of the field. Like all undergrounds, the horror titles are free from editorial infringement and formula. Thus, they have become bastions of paranoia, artistic fantasies and gore to such an excess that it becomes self-satire. It must be remembered that undergrounds are for adults only and that they cater to a very specialized audience. No one under eighteen is, technically, allowed to buy them; many people **over** eighteen would not like them. But since most **MONSTER TIMES** readers are somewhat enlightened (that's a euphemism for "warped") to begin with, a survey of the underground macabre mags might not be out of order.

GORE BEGATS GORE

Many would single Richard Corben out as the underground's current ghoulish guru. His work is often signed "Gore," not unlike the **nom de horreur** ("Ghastly") of Graham Ingles in the old E.C. terror titles. Whatever the handle, Corben's work is unmistakable. His technique of shading and design is so striking that he was among the first underground artists to be rushed into color. He is equally effective, though, in black-and-white. His work is prominently featured in **ROWLF, FANTAGOR** and **WEIRDOM**—all three owing their origins to the comic book fanzine press. **FANTAGOR** is especially horror-ful and masterfully done, at that.

Corben followers—and he has many—are also pleased to see him represented often in the two main horror anthology books—**SKULL COMICS** and **SLOW DEATH. SKULL** exists as a sort of nominal tribute to the E.C. comics of yore and has recently devoted its fourth and fifth issues to adaptations from H.P. Lovecraft.

In both anthology books, as in many others, Corben is joined by other talented horror-craftsmen. The most prevalent are Jaxon, Irons, Spain and Sheridan—all of whom have cultivated styles that literally **reek** of horror. Jaxon's H.P. Lovecraft derivative in **SKULL #4** is thick with the

This epic battle raged in ROWLF, a Rip Off Press release written and drawn by Richard Corben, who oftimes signs himself "Gore." Notice his technique of shading and design. Not bad, huh? Though this book might have caused Corben to lose his amateur status, it made his work available to a far greater audience.

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Dave Sheridan and Jaxon combined their considerable talents to produce this cover for SLOW DEATH #2, showing the hideous fate awaiting unlucky astronauts who get lost in space. Published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, the book also featured work by Osborne and Corben, alias "Gore."

IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE UNDERGROUND

The Monster Make-up section of Shroud's GORY STORIES QUARTERLY #2½ tells you how to be "a smash with this realistic disguise. Liven up a dull Republican Convention!" it instructs. All you need to become your very own wolfman is a pair of ordinary scissors, a sharp X-acto knife, other easy-to-obtain supplies and a face that you've grown tired of. Watch TMT for more about GORY STORIES QUARTERLY #2½.

graveyard atmosphere-that a story such as "The Hound" calls for. In the first issue of that book, Sheridan did the classic horror tale of the decrepit old man who calls on the miracles of modern mad science to

Lovecraft's "The Hound" found its way into an underground strip drawn by Dave Sheridan in issue 4 of SKULL; also put out by Last Gasp. The entire book was devoted to H.P. Lovecraft and featured many of that (until recently) unsung author's odder characters, like this nightmare caked and clotted with bloody shreds of alien flesh and hair."

give him a new body ... Sheridan's burlesque, here, was one of his finest. Irons' best horror work is in the first few Skulls and he is seen to his best semi-horror advantage in **THE LEGION OF CHARLIES**, a novel-length underground that draws all manner of analogies between the newsworthy cases of Charles Manson and Lt. Calley, Spain (Rodriguez) did his Lovecraft turn in **SKULL** #5, the end result being one of the most stylized horror comics ever produced.

The above gentlemen, along with such others as John Osborne, F. Schrier, Larry Welz, Simon Deitch, C. Dallas, Kim Deitch, Tim Boxell, Roger Brand and Rory Hayes, comprise the bulk of the underground horror artists. Various combinations appear in such books as **TALES OF SEX AND DEATH** and **BOGEYMAN**. A good cropping of them have contributed to **SLOW DEATH**, one of several horror titles devoted to a more specialized brand of horror. **SLOW DEATH** stories concern themselves, sometimes very tenuously, with pollution and ecology. While the first issue was a hodge-podge of doomsaying of the end of the world, it has since developed into a first-rate horror title, possibly the best out today. This is largely due to the emphasis on Corben and Jaxon, plus the stylistic moods of Jim Osborne.

Another kind of horror is paranoically presented in **INSECT FEAR**, another "theme book" that works best when its theme is subordinated. If you are completely free of neurotic nervousness about insects and all things arachnoidal, this may just be the book to give them to you.

NEW FRONTIERS

Some of the most recent undergrounds books have stretched the horror classification well out of shape. While science-fiction was always interchangeable with horror in the past, the newly-formed Los Angeles Comic Book Company has issued a complete s-f comic novel, **MUTANTS OF THE METROPOLIS**. The work of Pete Serniuk, this book is rendered in a deliberately crude style to chronicle the crude people that have overrun Los Angeles in the story. The book is **different** and has captured the hearts of enough people to shape up as one of the most talked-about undergrounds of the year. No neutrality here.

Those comic fans who are sufficiently saturated with **Heap** surrogates may find welcome parody in **GORY STORIES QUARTERLY** #2½. The book, which is neither gory nor quarterly, features Scott Shaw's tale of a creature comprised of city sewage. One look and you'll never take Swamp Thing, Man-Thing, the Heap or It seriously again (if you ever did). The same book features John Pound's monster make-up manual ... in case you have the urge to look like the Wolfman and totally distigure yourself for life in the process. Also included, by Pound, was the first Ronald Rabbit story.

Ronald Rabbit brings horror to the world of funny animals. In the first issue of **DEATH RATTLE**, Ronald murders his cartoonist—the one who has been putting him through the usual cute forest creature rituals in comics. But the cartoonist (Pound) returns from the dead to avenge himself.

If you are apparently over eighteen and enjoy wholly unrestrained material, you might find the horror undergrounds well worth your while. If not, the Archie people have recently brought out **SABRINA PRESENTS CHILLING TALES OF SORCERY**, in which Archie-type characters become zombies, werewolves and the like. This is but another horror comic that belongs **underground**, but in a much more literal sense of that word. ■

This character represents the ultimate satire on the various muck-monsters who've oozed their way into so many overground comics. Scott Shaw's creation, who will go unnamed here, starred in his own strip in GORY STORIES QUARTERLY #2½.

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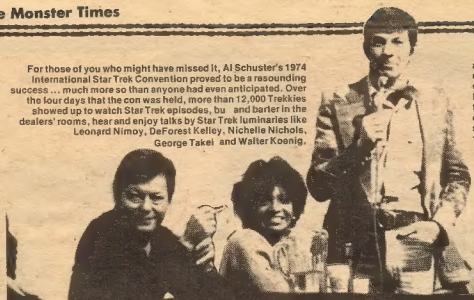
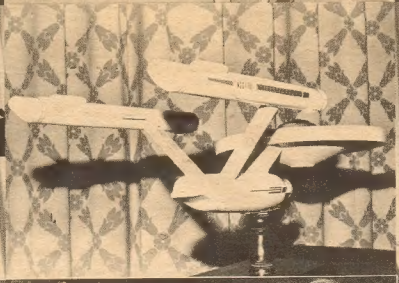


For those of you who might have missed it, Al Schuster's 1974 International Star Trek Convention proved to be a resounding success ... much more so than anyone had even anticipated. Over the four days that the con was held, more than 12,000 Trekkies showed up to watch Star Trek episodes, bu and barter in the dealers' rooms, hear and enjoy talks by Star Trek luminaries like Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei and Walter Koenig, and to generally immerse themselves in an exciting atmosphere of pure Star Trek :.. and nothing BUT Star Trek. The crowded convention attracted a goodly number of camera crews from local New York TV stations, too, and generally made itself heard above the usual urban roar ... no easy feat, that. To commemorate the occasion, we decided to run these exclusive TMT photos snapped during the course of the 1974 International Star Trek Convention.

STAR TREK LIVES!



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Though the original STAR TREK has long since made its last flight, ex-Enterprise commander William Shatner manages to keep himself busy with, among other things, a guest shot on the Canadian-based AMAZING KRESKIN show Here the amazing TV mentalist is probably trying to visualize how much bread Bill has in his wallet.

AN EXCLUSIVE TMT INTERVIEW WITH
WILLIAM SHATNER

The history of **STAR TREK** is well-known to all science f ction fans The first season on American television brought it many times the audience and support that the network had anticipated. Cults sprang up devoted to promoting the deals and futurist c way of life the show presented After the second season, the networks decided to cancel the popular program Hundreds of thousands of etters poured into the offices of NBC protesting the move and soon the show was reinstated for another fantastic year

And one of the secrets of the show's success was the star, William Shatner, who though just discovered by millions of **STAR TREK** fans, was no new face to either television or to show business in general Shatner is a busy man, a bit of a perfectionist, and a man who values his privacy He gives few interviews and guards his family against undue exposure "After all," he says, "they're just living their lives, going to school and the undue publicity would harm their academ c and social lives However, publicity & what makes up a good part of an actor's diet, and Shatner was gracious enough to allow us an audience

A native of Montreal, Canada Shatner now resides in Hollywood California with his three daughters by his first wife (actress Gloria Rand) and his recently wed second wife, Marcy Lafferty, daughter of producer Perry Lafferty Seated in the spacious back patio of h s home, Shatner seemed a bit nervous when he was faced with the prospect of answering questions for the press. Resigned to doing the interview, Shatner assumed what looked like a semi-comfortable pos t on in his chair and waited for the barrage of questions to begin

TMT: How did you get into show business in the first place? I hear that your father wanted you to join him in the family clothing business.

SHATNER Yes but I had done some acting in a school play when I was eight years old and that kicked off the whole career, I guess I enrolled in a professional school for children when I was ten My father wasn t very happy with it, but he felt that I was entitled to try my luck

TMT: Your luck has been very good so far. Did the special schooling really help you get started?

SHATNER I think so, certainly I did voices for local Canadian radio programs when I was going to school and that helped pay for co ege That was back in the days of live radio drama Then I was enrolled in almost every theatrical group on the campus at McGill University It was satisfy ing but exhausting

TMT: Your first really important role was in Henry IV when you were with the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Company. Do you prefer classical parts?

SHATNER I prefer something that I'm comfortable in and that is a challenge to me as an actor I joined the Shakespeare company right after college Actually, I had assumed that role you mentioned, Henry IV on about three hours notice when someone got ill and could n't make the performance It was quite an experience, but then I was very busy then I also was a member of the Mount Roya Playhouse and I had to commute between the two stock companies I think I did over 60 plays that summer plus the televis on and rad o stints

TMT: What was the best thing you did at the Stratford Festival?

SHATNER Most critics seem to think it was **Tamburlaine** I liked everything I did

TMT: Wasn't that the production in which you met your first wife?

SHATNER Uh, yes I met Gloria while we were rehearsing it And um what e se?

It was obvious that Shatner wished that I had skipped that reference to his first wife, actress Gloria Rand whom he married August 12, 1956 after a four-month courtship at rehearsals and during runs of **Tamburlaine** He squirmed in his chair like he was sitting on a briar and I thought it best to get off the subject and back to his career

TMT: Tamburlaine only lasted in New York for a few performances and then you were offered a contract from 20th Century Fox.

SHATNER: That s right.

TMT: Why did you turn it down? Most actors would give their right arm to be under contract to a major motion picture studio at that early point in their careers

SHATNER At the time I d dn't want to be tied down I had an offer from the CBC in Toronto to do a television play which I had written called **Dreams**, and the chance to do my own project was much more exciting to me than doing films that a studio would dictate to me I don't regret not taking that contract I did my show and went to Ed nburgh with **Henry VI**. When I returned to New York I had no trouble finding lots of work in television

TMT: But you did sign the second contract offer with Metro Goldwyn Mayer Why the change of heart?

SHATNER It wasn't a change of heart I wanted to do some films and my agent had heard of a few projects that MGM had that he thought would be good for me

SHATNER ON SCREEN

Good for me' was an understatement Shatner made **THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV** w th Yul Brynner and received critical pra se for his first major f m Then he was offered the lead role in the Broadway production of **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG** a play adapted from the best se ling novel At great financial sacrif ce Shatner almost c eaned out his bank account and bought out his contract with MGM returned to New York and accepted the play offer It was a good move because the play ran for 18 months with rave reviews and hefty prestige for Shatner

TMT: After SUZIE WONG you did SHOT IN THE DARK and some other plays. Do you feel the theater is better than television or films as far as satisfaction for the actor is concerned?

SHATNER Each form of uh, entertainment has its good and bad points I think they cancel each other out They're all equally satisfying and/or dissatisfying to me It depends on the part

TMT: Did you anticipate the great degree of success STAR TREK would have when you were first approached for the part of Captain Kirk?

SHATNER I've always been a sci-fi fan Prior to do ng STAR TREK, I had done a number of segments of Rod Serling's TWILIGHT ZONE

TMT Is that why you were picked for the show?

SHATNER I'm not too sure why I was picked Actually I was picked as a second choice They had made a pilot show with a now deceased actor Jeffrey Hunter and the NBC network programming people liked the idea for the show, but not the cast I was asked to do the second pilot show and I accepted the offer of a network series partly because of the interesting nature of the story lines Gene Roddenberry showed me and party because I, as an actor, was challenged by the possibilities of the show plus the fact that it was a network show and I was being offered the lead

TMT: Since you have a flair for writing and wrote your own show for the CBC back in Toronto, did you ever write an episode for the STAR TREK series?

SHATNER No, but I d d contribute some ideas that were used for episodes during the run of the show One of them was on a sort of Vietnam subject I can t seem to remember the other ones It's been some time

AWKWARD INQUIRY

Shatner shifted himself in his chair again, trying to get as comfortable as possible and hoping the subject would shift also, to something that wouldn't make him seem awkward He is constantly aware over wary of his public image He continued his broken thoughts

SHATNER ...I've been doing so much recently that much of the STAR TREK data has been pushed back in my mind

William Shatner succumbs to the feminine charms of Joan Collins in Harlan Ellison's THE CITY ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER, a popular ST episode that involved one of Captain Kirk's rare forays into an affair of the heart.

Say It Ain't So Dept William Shatner hawks a lower-priced spread called **Promise** to shocked Trekkies around the world And Bill candidly told our Media Editor that he was in it for the money, not the glory, all along

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"As an actor, the STAR TREK series was probably the easiest I've ever done. There was so much variation ... so much challenge for me that I never got tired of it..."

TMT What was the hardest thing about doing a show like STAR TREK as compared to the other television shows you've done?

SHATNER As an actor, the STAR TREK series was probably the easiest I've done. There was so much variation ...so much challenge for me that I never got tired of it. And it ran for three years. I always looked forward to getting up for work whereas a lot of fellows I know who are leads in television series are bored to death playing the same thing week after week.

TMT And, of course, the stories themselves were fascinating.

SHATNER Sure. When we were successful combining the philosophy with the technique and action and adventure, it became a very successful series. I loved doing it. I was sorry when it was over.

TMT Now that the live STAR TREK is off television and they have started to produce the animated version, do you think the animated version is a good idea?

SHATNER I don't know what you mean by "a good idea."

TMT. Well, Gene Roddenberry keeps impressing on me that the animated STAR TREK is just the same show produced in a different way and not a children's version.

SHATNER. Well, ...if that's the case, it's a shame that they put it on Saturday mornings with the rest of the kids' cartoon shows.

TMT. You do the voice of Captain Kirk for the animated version. Why do you stay with it? Is it sort of like going home' to a time when everything was secure or do you just like the show that much?

SHATNER I like the show certainly. I also like the money attached to it. I saw no reason why I shouldn't do the voice. It doesn't take that much time. Leonard Nimoy, who played Spock in the live STAR TREK, also does his own voice for the animated version. It helps reinforce the show.

TMT: Is it true that you used to play practical jokes on Nimoy when the live show was filming?

SHATNER We used to do a few things to him. Once we put the chain on his bicycle and hid it in the rafters of the sound stage. Another time we crated it up and shipped it to his home back East. Then we used to play jokes on the crew. It was fun because it was a very enjoyable show to do and everyone liked everybody else. There were minor clashes occasionally, mostly over billing on the show between seasons, but we ironed that out and 98 percent of the time we got on just fine.

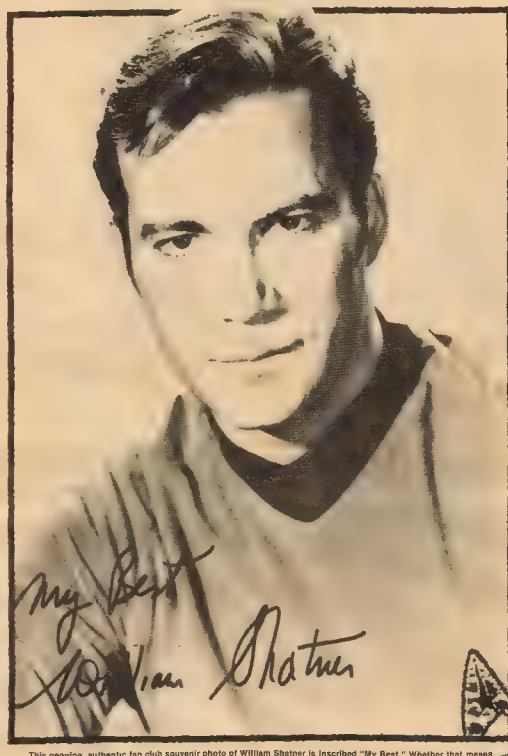
TMT: What contribution do you think STAR TREK has made to science fiction as an art form?

SHATNER: I think ours was the first series, film or show that dealt with science fiction themes in terms of philosophy and human beings and not just cops and robbers or cowboys and Indians with fancy paraphernalia and spaceships. Our characters, human or alien, had emotions, feelings and cultures of their own, which is something future space explorers will have to contend with.

TMT. You seem to value your privacy very much. Is it embarrassing to be constantly sought after as Captain Kirk? Do your fans pester you in public for autographs?

SHATNER. I do like to spend my time off-camera with my family. I think the public lauding is something that every actor has to accept. It's just that most people pick the wrong times to ask for things like autographs and interviews. like restaurants and when I'm out with my children. I have th a instinctual reflex to duck or hide, whenever someone strange identifies me. Of course it does come in handy to be a celebrity like getting a table at a crowded restaurant or night club.

TMT: Would you ever consider another science fiction series?



This genuine, authentic fan club souvenir photo of William Shatner is inscribed "My Best." Whether that means he's extending his best wishes or just that he considers this his best photo has yet to be determined

SHATNER. I'd think about it a bit, but I might if it were good enough. I have done science fiction movies for television and I have some scripts that I and a writer friend of mine have put together. . .some of those are horror or science fiction themes. I like the genre. Not that it's all I like, I still play the classics on stage and do straight roles.

HIGH-PRICED SPREAD

TMT: Speaking of other things you do, I was astonished the other night to see you doing a commercial for margarine. Why does a very steady working actor have to stoop to hustling margarine on television?

SHATNER A lot of money. If I told you how much they paid me for that single commercial, you would think it unreal. I need it, too, not just for the rent and food bills but for my company. I formed my own company, Lemli Productions, and I have quite a few future projects that I hope to get off the ground soon.

TMT Any directorial ambitions?

SHATNER Yes, those too. I've been directing a lot of stage productions in the last five years and I've done four or five film and television directing assignments, too.

TMT: What do you do in your spare time when you get a chance to relax?

SHATNER Well, I like to spend time with my children and, when I am not working, they occupy a great deal of my spare time. I just married a wonderful girl and our family life is basically what I do. We ski and ride motorcycles and swim and go camping out. That sort of thing.

TMT: How do your own children react to the fame and fortune of their father?

SHATNER They accept it as their father's job. Sometimes I'm away for a while doing a film, but most of the time I try to be an average 9-to-5 father to them.

TMT: I didn't get their names and ages. Do any of them have a desire to go into show business?

SHATNER Well, there's Leslie, Melanie and Lisabeth. That's where I got the name for my company ... Lemli. That other stuff you asked really has no bearing on this does it? I mean they have their lives and I just let them develop without getting involved in this. You know what I mean?

NEWS GHOUL GETS MESSAGE

I knew what he meant, all right. He meant that I should stay away from the personal questions, because he wasn't going to answer any. As he put it, I haven't been doing interviews at all, but now that I've paid this public relations firm some money, I guess I have to do a few."

So, reluctantly I suppose, he gave me this interview. It isn't that surprising that he has little time either with all his acting and directing commitments, his family and his other hobbies, photography, raising Dobermans, flying his plane, singing (he has an LP on the market), and skin-diving.

As I readjusted my tape recorder, I remembered some questions, not so personal, that might prolong the visit. Shatner had been nervous all along because a movie for television he had made a few months back with Andy Griffith was being aired soon that evening and he wanted to watch it. He always watches himself, not out of ego, but because he likes to evaluate his own work ... over and over again.

TMT What are you working on right now?

SHATNER. A horse-space show with theological overtones. I can't go into it in too much depth because it hasn't been bought yet. I also just did a record called The Transformed Man that has me reading some of the classics. Then I also have a one-man show that I take around.

TMT What do you do in the one-man show?

SHATNER Songs ... play the guitar a bit, and prose.

TMT Do you ever get to see any of the old STAR TREK crew?

SHATNER Oddly enough, I haven't. With all the films and television and stage work I've done, I haven't worked with any of them. I have seen Leonard Nimoy a few times. We get together for a sandwich or something and giggle a lot, but I don't get to see anyone else professionally or socially.

TMT Do you harbor inside of yourself some secret, cherished desire—either a play or a part you want to do?

SHATNER No. I'd just like to do one of my projects. That's my secret, cherished wish.

Shatner looked at his watch. His eyes lit up and he began to spring out of his chair. Remembering his situation, he slowed down, rose gently and said, "I hope you'll excuse me, but my show is on now." That was my hint to get lost. I thanked him for his time and made a clean exit. ■

This just as genuine and equally authentic fan club souvenir shot captures Captain Kirk in a thoughtful mood as he ponders which strange new world the Enterprise will cruise off to next. Wherever it is, you can bet it will be someplace where no man has gone before.

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THE CURSE OF MARVIN, THE DEAD-SWAMP-MAN-HEAP-THING?

OR
SLIME MARCHES ON!
BY DOUG MURRAY

This romantically inclined, rural blonde doesn't know it yet but her boyfriend's eyes have just seen the gory glory of the Spectre of the Swamp on this cover from DC's THE PHANTOM STRANGER #14, 1971. While said spectre doesn't look bad as far as swamp things go, he doesn't appear in this form inside the book in the strip written by Len Wein and drawn by Tony DeZuniga. Not only is his appearance much neater, but it turns out he's not "really" a swamp monster after all. You can't trust nobody no more.

Slimy, amorphous, anti-social creatures bent on revenge abound in today's comic industry. And we're not talking only about the people who write, draw and publish the stuff, but the characters featured in the books as well. Comics moguls have discovered a frightening formula: ugly creatures = handsome profits—and have capitalized on this discovery by turning out such slimy superheroes as Swamp Thing, Man-Thing, The Heap, Marvin the Dead Thing and other awesome embodiments of adolescent body-hate. Here to tell the terrifying tale of these shapeless superstars' rise from the swamps to the top of the comic book industry is TMT comic ace Doug Murray.

"You rise now out of the murk and slime, feeling the tension of new muscles under your scaly flesh..."

* * *

"From murky, polluted waters a corpse rises..."

* * *

"He surveyed the sagging layers of tumorous flesh, the rippling, seemingly melted body that would some day be known as the Heap!"

* * *

"The misshapen monstrosity presses deeper into the shadows surrounding the single wooden structure that rises from the bog..."

All of these quotes could be from the same story ... but they're not. Each is from a different publisher, each serves to identify that company's version of the newest phenomenon in the "inhuman-monster/superhero" market ... the Swamp Creatures.

Perhaps the first of the swamp creatures was the Heap, not the Heap of Skywald's "horror mood" line, but the Heap of the '40s and **AIR BOY** comics. This was a different sort of Heap; this Heap was an Allied pilot who, following a fatal crash, found himself resurrected as a shaggy, totally horrible, misshapen creature. Determined to continue his fight against the forces of evil despite this unsightly transformation, the Heap joined forces with Airboy and battled the Nazis and, later, the red saboteurs of the '40s comics. With the end of Airboy came the apparent end of the Heap.

The original Heap, on whom future muck models were more or less based, found a home in the patriotic AIRBOY Comics of the '40s, fighting Nazis and Commies with equal aplomb.

National was the next outfit to get into the act. **HOUSE OF SECRETS** #92 introduced a new twist to the swamp creature. "Swamp Thing" was originally conceived as a one-shot mystery story—after all, how could a horribly misshapen and ghoulishly ugly creature ever be accepted by the public as the "hero" of a comic book? The story of Alex and Linda Olsen was to be a rather straightforward "revenge from the grave" sort of thing, the kind of tale that would give young Bernie Wrightson a chance to use his considerable talents in drawing moody, macabre scenes in a looser-than-usual format.

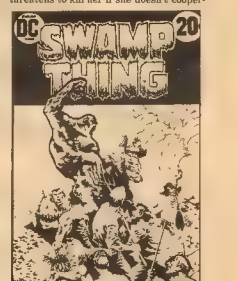
Wrightson did just that. Using his neighbors, Weezie Jones (wife of artist Jeff Jones) and an evilly posturing Mike Kaluta, for inspiration, Wrightson proceeded to give Len Wein's literate script a life of its own. Alex Olsen, young research scientist, is murdered by his partner Damien Ridge so that Ridge can get the things he covets—namely, the fruits of Alex's labors and Alex's beautiful wife Linda.

But Alex is not dead! Through some freak of nature, his body, caught in a chemical explosion, has not been destroyed. Rather, it has been transformed into a misshapen "Swamp Thing." This Swamp Thing has some rudimentary memories of its earlier life. Most of all it remembers the need for revenge and eventually shows up at the home of Damien Ridge and his new bride (the former Linda Olsen) to gain it. After killing Ridge, the swamp creature turns to its love, expecting welcome arms and loving warmth. Instead it finds only repulsion. Seeing its reflection in a nearby glass, the Swamp Thing realizes why and retreats into the swamp, there to remain until the end of its days.

SWAMP OF LONELINESS

The scene where the Swamp Thing returns to the swamp is one of melancholy beauty. The idea that this hideous being is torn by loneliness and cannot (because of its new physical construction) shed a tear is a sensitive and poignant one, and there is no doubt that the reader's sympathy is with this creature rather than with the "humans" it has left behind. Indeed, reader sympathy was so much with the creature, and reader mail so heavy in its favor, that National took the risk of giving Swamp Thing its own magazine.

Wisely, National left the newly-spawned title in the hands of its original creators, Len Wein and Bernie Wrightson. They decided to start off with a new origin story rather than refer back to the (now) two year old **HOUSE OF SECRETS** story. Besides, they wanted to change the Swamp Thing's motivations somewhat and add new characters. And so "Dark Genesis" was born. Here we see two young research scientists, Alex and Linda Holland (not Olsen) moving into a home in the swamps, there to live and carry out their experiments in bio-restoration, the technique of regenerating lost tissue. Although they are working for the government, other forces are interested in the results of their work, and one of these groups, led by a man called Ferrett, attempts to get the young scientist to sell out. When Holland refuses, Ferrett plants a bomb that blows up his lab and, apparently, kills Holland. Continuing in his efforts to get the formula, Ferrett now goes to Holland's widow, Linda, and threatens to kill her if she doesn't cooperate. When she too refuses, he shoots her in cold blood.



Alec Holland, appearing in a one-shot strip in National's HOUSE OF SECRETS, the Swamp Thing was such a hit that he soon got a book of his own in the original origin story the Swamp Thing began life as a scientist named Alex with a wife named Linda. In the revamped origin story he became a scientist named "Alec" with a wife named Linda. Get that? We hope so ... it's important. You never know when someone might spring a surprise quiz on you.

But Alec Holland is not dead. Saturated by chemicals in the explosion, blown into a swamp replete with organic material, Alec Holland is reborn ... in the misshapen body of the Swamp Thing. Shuffling toward his home, intent on protecting his beloved wife, Holland hears a shot and, finding Linda dead on the floor, goes berserk. Finding Ferrett and his men attempting

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This neat, nifty and more than a little bit snazzy Heap was drawn by the late Bill Everett, creator of THE SUB-MARINER, and appeared on the back cover of PSYCHO #4, 1971. A well-drawn Heap like this is worth a dozen of them other kinds of Heaps, by our lights at least.

to get away in an auto, the Swamp Thing stops them short, and, with his newfound strength, makes short work of them.

In the following tales, Wrightson and Wein explored the full range of macabre story lines, having Swamp Thing tangle with a warlock, a witch, a werewolf, a Frankenstein-like creature, and a blob-like monster.

But in **SWAMP THING** #7 they outdid themselves. Here, Swamp Thing meets Batman, or rather, in this version, Bat-Thing. Wrightson's Batman is the Neal Adams version taken to the nth degree. It is a real creature of the night, strangely inhuman and clad in a cloak that appears, in some panels, to be at least 30 feet long. In any case, Batman, like every other human in Gotham City, thinks Swamp Thing is a dangerous monster. Actually, Swamp Thing is attempting to save government agent Matt Cable (an old friend and regular character) from a man named Arcane, a man who is the head of the ring that made Holland what he is (and killed his wife). Fighting the Batman off with his superhuman strength, Swamp Thing accomplishes his mission and moves back into the night, his revenge complete.

The story is a classic both in scope and artwork. Wrightson's use of both Swamp Thing and Batman is superb and there is no doubt the story will sweep all comic-oriented awards in the next year. Swamp Thing, however, is about to change. Wrightson has decided to drop the series, feeling he has done all he can with the material at hand. National, knowing they have a winner on their hands, doesn't want to cease publication and so will place a new artist, probably one of the young Filippinos, on the job. Whether the result will be Swamp Thing as we know him is impossible to say at present.

It's easy enough being a big heap in a little pond, but Marvel's Man-Thing is one muck monster who has to constantly combat coming contenders. In this case, the would-be inheritor of the swamp throne is a thing named GLOB. Discerning TMT readers will notice that GLOB is BOLG spelled backwards

MARVEL'S MUCK-MONSTER

Marvel's entry into the Swamp Creature sweepstakes took place soon after the popularity of Wrightson's **HOUSE OF SECRETS** story became apparent. Marvel, not wanting to be caught unprepared, produced a swamp character of their own. Man-Thing premiered in **SAVAGE TALES** #1. In the origin story (reprinted in **MONSTERS UNLEASHED** #3, with an Adams cover), young scientist (what else?) Ted Sallis is working on a formula that will turn an ordinary man into a super-soldier, capable of incredible feats of strength and stamina. Sallis, having finished this formula, is attempting to turn it over to the government when he is betrayed by his girl friend into the hands of enemy flees in a agents. Breaking away, Sallis nearby car and, in an attempt to save all, injects himself with the serum. But the car crashes and Sallis is thrown into a swamp where, with the formula reacting upon his body and his body reacting with the polluted water of the swamp around him, Ted is turned into a hideous Man-Thing, a thing that has very little of his human personality and intelligence left ... A thing that senses fear and acts to suppress it ... a thing bent, for the moment, on vengeance.

Finding those who have caused its creation, the Man-Thing crushes them all like insects, leaving only the girl, his former paramour, alive. But she is not unchanged—insane with fear, she is touched by the Man-Thing and that touch brings a burning agony, a scar that will never heal either physically or mentally. His mission accomplished, the Man-Thing returns to the swamp

The first Man Thing story was stylishly done, well written by Gerry Conway and Roy Thomas and brilliantly drawn by Gray Morrow. Working for the black and white reproduction of **SAVAGE TALES**, Morrow was able to use all the tricks of wash and shading which artists of his calibre are capable of. The result is page after page of almost three-dimensional beauty. The Man Thing stands as a tribute to Morrow's ability to do quality material.

Marvel, however, now had a problem. Man-Thing was a hit, but **SAVAGE TALES** no longer existed, and the non-distribution of **SAVAGE TALES** meant that many had never seen that fine origin story. They decided to take a chance and make the Man-Thing the lead character in **ADVENTURE INTO FEAR** with a cover by Gray Morrow and a short, introductory segment filling in details of the Man-Thing's origin. The story concerned a rather unimportant adventure with bad

Gray Morrow's magic pen didn't fail him when he drew this for SAVAGE TALES. Though that particular title folded, Man-Thing lived on in ADVENTURE INTO FEAR

father and abandoned baby, but it served to set the tone for further adventures. The Man Thing's powers were defined, and humanity's fear of the ugly and deformed was effectively conveyed. The following stories served to lead the Man Thing down a different path than that of Swamp Thing. Rather than a reasoning creature seeking out those who hurt him, Man Thing wants only peace. As something neither human nor beast, however, he becomes the focus of strange forces, forces which can be described only as occult. With the introduction of young Jennifer Kale, a witch with a strange affinity for the creature, Man-Thing delved fully into the black magic vein started by Doctor Strange. We discover that Man-Thing's swamp—which he needs to live—is the focal point between our dimension and another, a focal point that may be destroyed by the construction of a

Continued on page 29

Skywald's PSYCHO #13 proved to be an unlucky number for died-in-the-swamp Heap fans, for it was in that comic that the "Old Heap" was replaced by a "New Heap." And the New Heap was reunited with his parents—simple farm folks—and retired to a life of low-key contentment down on the farm. While Heap fans may have been disappointed by this disturbingly tender turn of events, we at TMT still think that the strip was one of the best and funniest ever to appear in an overground comic.

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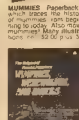

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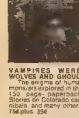

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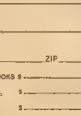

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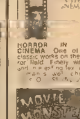

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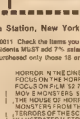

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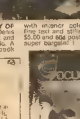

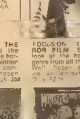

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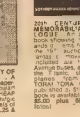

TERRORS OF THE SCREEN 22 page lightning look covering all of the movies classic horror films. Many rare photos and stills. The book is a classic in its field. $5.00 plus 50¢

John Boorman's sci-fi spectacle, ZARDOZ, has been a source of critical controversy ever since its initial release earlier this year. Some viewers have sat before it in rapt fascination, others have dozed through it: still others have walked out on it. TMT Media Editor R. Allen Leider feels that the film's abstrack an innallectual nature turns off the wooly-minded segment of the movie-going public, but the fact is that many people with smarts to spare (like N.Y. TIMES critic Vincent Canby) have also turned thumbs down on ZARDOZ. But ever since we learned him to talk, our own Mr. Leider has had nothing but good things to say about the film and takes the opportunity to say a few of them here.

BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

ZARDOZ, terrifying god of the bedraggled Brutals, has both the situation and Sean Connery firmly in hand. Sean shed his suave James Bond attire to get down to basics for his role as Zed the Exterminator, a mysterious man on an equally mysterious mission. John Boorman's sci-fi epic received an enthusiastic thumbs up response from our critic

As conceived by John Boorman, who wrote, produced and directed this odyssey into a bleak future, the Earth is divided into territories ruled by highly stratified societies.

The ETERNALS are immortals descended from the scientists of the old order who founded the Vortex, their city. Eternals live on a spiritual plane without passions. They are highly privileged and death is forbidden to them. They may age only as punishment for crimes and, if accidentally killed, an Eternal may be completely rebuilt by means of super-surgery. The Vortex, in which the Eternals live, is a commune formed back in 1990, when industrial society as we know it collapsed. Scientists used their advanced knowledge to create this city and protected it from outsiders with a gravitational force-field. Thus, the Vortex became the "safe depository for man's knowledge."

Society in the Vortex is not made up only of Eternals. Their lower classes include renegades, persistent offenders or criminals who are segregated and doomed to lives of eternal senility. There are also Apathetics—Eternals who have become weary of the easy life and have lapsed into catatonic states. They are the immortal emotional basket-cases and are supposedly supported by the active community.

The active community's life centers around the Tabernacle or brainroom. In this chamber, Eternals go for analysis and/or repair. They also are linked to the Tabernacle's analysis computer via a communicator ring, a piece of highly sophisticated jewelry that allows Eternals to talk and transmit words and pictures. It is commonly used for voting and can also supply Vortex members with knowledge from the computer bank.

The voting process is the way of life in the Vortex and is effected through a system of computerized crystals implanted in the brains of the Eternals. The crystals transmit the life cycles of the Eternals to the computer in the Tabernacle, where the information is analyzed and stored for future reference in case of damage or death by accident. There is no government in the Vortex, no authority, and the entire community is run by means of this voting and polling system.

DARK SIDE OF EARTH

Boorman's Earth 2293 also has its dark, mysterious and dangerous side. This is the land of the Brutals. The Brutals are the outcasts of the 1990 society. They live in the Outlands, a polluted wasteland, vast and desolate, lying beyond the verdant plains of the Vortex. The Brutals live at a minimal subsistence level and are very dangerous. The most perilous of all is the caste known as the Exterminators. Their title tells you their function: They are a privileged and powerful group of Brutals, physically and mentally superior, bred by the Eternals for the purpose of killing. They are the slave masters, harnessing their own kind to harvest food for the Eternals, as well as hunting and killing their enemies.

And what is **ZARDOZ**? **ZARDOZ** is the terrible god of the Brutals—a monstrous machine made in the image of a flying head, fashioned by the Eternals' chief scientist Arthur Frayn to terrorize and control the superstitious tribesmen. **ZARDOZ** can fly and float over the Outlands to remind the Brutals of their place. It is also a cargo ship, transporting guns and ammunition for the Exterminators [illegible] crying food back to the Vortex. Flying via gravitational force, it resembles a huge Mt. Rushmore carving and is a most awesome sight ... as it was designed to be.

But why **ZARDOZ**?

That is our story.

And what a story it is! Our hero is Zed (Sean Connery, former James Bond 007 star), a superior Brutal Exterminator bred for a special mission, but by whom and for what mission remains unknown. Zed has been taught by a mysterious robed figure to read and think logically, abilities that other Brutals are denied. The Merlin-like figure behind this secret mission is Arthur Frayn (Niall Buggy), who created Zardoz to aid him in his mission control of the Outlands. He trains the Exterminators to kill the breeding Brutals to curb population expansion, then to use the remaining peasants to harvest crops for the Eternals.

Zed stows away inside the fantastic machine and is taken in by the Eternals, who simultaneously seek in him the answer to their prayers and fear in him the destruction of their way of life. His keeper is May (Sara Kestelman), a beautiful scientist who probes every molecule and memory of his being in search of ... something. But what? May's opponent is Consuella (Charlotte Rampling), a fiery Eternal and close confidant of May's, who sees Zed as someone who is dangerous to her relationship with May and to the Vortex at large. Badgering both of these ladies is Friend (John Alderton), a cynical Eternal on the verge of becoming a renegade. Sick of immortality and bored beyond imagination, Friend decided long ago to aid Arthur Frayn in the secret mission for which Zed was created.

Does Zed complete his mission? What is the dread secret of the flying machine Zardoz and Arthur Frayn? And how does a children's story book fire the revolution that topples the Vortex? These are the questions that Boorman plays with and answers in the 105 minutes it takes to tell the tale.

THEMES LIKE OLD TIMES

Thematically, **ZARDOZ** is the most fantastic science fiction movie I have seen since **FORBIDDEN PLANET**. It is very intellectual and abstract in its reasoning and logic. Younger fans may have trouble with the concepts as they will with the PG rating (due to the nudity and violence contained in the story). Many people walked out of the showing I attended with blank stares on their faces. **ZARDOZ** is an intellectual science fiction puzzle much like the novels of Isaac Asimov—you have to know something about abstract science to get 100% of the meat out of this cinematic meal.

Once you have managed to comprehend the themes and story line, you have only to accept John Boorman's almost perfect direction. Most of the time he is in complete control of his subject, but occasionally he slips into the kind of direction one expects to see in, say, **LOST IN SPACE**. He also has a tendency to use too many techniques and designs he has borrowed from other films. As a result, **ZARDOZ** is a quilt of filmic techniques, gimmicks and camera tricks. Yet, within the super-futuristic, abstract context of the story, it is plausible enough if you just relax and enjoy it, saving criticism for your post-viewing rap session.

The costumes, scanty as they are, reflect the type of dress we have seen in Flash Gordon for years and were designed by Boorman's wife, Cristel. The special effects are the work of Jerry Johnston, who, I predict, will be someone to watch in future sci-fi flicks. His flying **ZARDOZ** and dated, deteriorated 20th century towns are a joy to behold. The film really gets off the ground in the first three minutes with a visit of the god to the Brutals and the donation of a terrifying 'gift.'

I recommend this film to all who enjoy seeing a movie more than once. ■

By the time these rampaging Brutals reached for their guns, a goodly number of theater patrons had already departed or drifted off to sleep. Others, like our Media Editor, stayed awake to applaud what they considered a modern masterpiece. You'd think with all the sophisticated tools of modern technology at their disposal, filmmakers could come up with a flick that would please all of the people "all" of the time.

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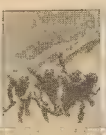

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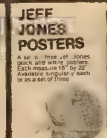

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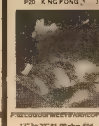

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LADIES OF THE FRIGHT

As goes life, so goes film. Or is it the other way around? In any case, it's a safe bet that films tailored to reach a broad public base will wind up reflecting the prevailing attitudes of said base—and that's as true of horror flicks as any other film genre. Which brings us to the subject at paw—the plight of women in the horror film. TMT Editor Joe Kane traces the history of Moviedom's Ladies of the Fright and cites the sometimes real, ofttimes dubious advances that, despite massive opposition by male chauvinist monster movie-makers, female fiends have managed to achieve. In Part the First of this two-part series, we turn the TMT spotlight on such early female achievers as the BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN and CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN...

BY JOE KANE

Not only is the lady below suffering from what looks to be a splitting headache but she's simultaneously being treated to a sight that would offend even the sorest of eyes. The snake-tressed woman Barbara Shelley went by the name of THE GORGON and, though she originally hailed from the crowded ranks of the Ancient Grecian mythological menagerie, was transplanted to 19th century Europe in a 1964 Hammer Film.

While horror filmmakers have been quick to concur with Society At Large that women make perfect victims, ideal outlets for countless creatures' many and varied destructive urges (see Bill Feret's **Horror Heroines** in TMT 25), they were much slower in finding places for them as monsters in their own right. Throughout the '20s and early '30s women were able to secure somewhat steady employment as vampires (seductive sexual beings with only those relatively discreet fangs to mark them as monsters), as well as witches, occultists, voodoo queens, ladies possessed and other stock sinister types, but they rarely got the chance to slip on the twisted frightmasks that adorned the faces of so many male actors, nor did they clutter early soundtracks with guttural grunts and growls. Some of these women were evil enough, but they lacked the kind of brute power displayed by male monsters.

One of the most evil of the earlier screen she-devils (and one who received one of the cruelest comeuppances) was Olga Baclanova in **FREAKS** (1932). Playing an arrogant trapeze artist who marries and plans to murder a naive but well heeled midget (Harry Earles), Olga exhibits depths of callousness and cruelty rarely seen on the screen. At the film's conclusion, she is set upon by a band of vengeful little characters – dwarves ("Human Torsos," "pinheads," etc.)—who using knives and ingenuity, somehow manage to turn her into a horrible, limbless "bird-woman." Still, despite her sadistic appetites, she couldn't really qualify as a "monster." Precious few of the screen's early ladies of the fright could.

In fact, it wasn't until 1935 that a female monster of any real stature reached the screen in the person of Elsa Lanchester as the **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.** Standing 7 feet high in her reinforced boots sporting angry eyes, electric Afro and generally menacing mien, the Bride was certainly a formidable enough apparition. Her actual screen time might have been brief, arriving only in the final few minutes of the film, but it was impressive. And she was a woman who wasn't about to serve as just anybody's sex object either, much to the Frankenstein Monster's chagrin. While the Monster (Boris Karloff) had hopes that she was the mate fate and Dr. Frankenstein had him created for, the Bride spurned his advances in no uncertain terms, greeting his unwanted amatory overtures not with love and kisses but hate and hisses, a rejection that moved the male monster to anger and tears. "She hate me," he cried. "like others!" His energetic despair then led him to blow up his creator's laboratory in the requisite fiery finale, destroying his ill-tempered intended mate into the bargain.

That the Bride of Frankenstein was the first full fledged female monster to make it to the screen was really only fitting, meet and just. It was, after all, a woman who had made what was probably the single greatest contribution to the whole horror genre for it was Mary Shelley's novel, **Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus**, that was to serve as the basis for most of the man-made monster movie plots that would continue to crowd the screen more than a century after her death. But not only was the author of the world's most influential horror tale a woman, she was, for the period, a pretty liberated (if troubled) woman at that. Before becoming the wife of poet Percy B. Shelley, Mary was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, an outspoken free love advocate and author of an early Women's Lib tract called **Vindication of the Rights of Women** (1792), and William Godwin, popular utopian anarchist and writer of bizarre stories. Ms. Wollstonecraft, a staunch believer in natural childbirth, died giving birth to Mary, a fact that her father, the leading liberal of his day, never tired of lamenting her about. Driven by a fierce desire to compensate for her mother's death, young Mary took to writing, ofttimes actually setting down under the shadow of her mother's tombstone to do her work. It was not surprising then that the guilt-ridden youth developed a strong morbid bent, one that eventually found lasting expression in the creation of the world's foremost monster.

The Frankenstein Monster's birthplace was an appropriate one: the atmospheric Villa Diodati, a summer place near Switzerland's Lake Geneva that Lord Byron had rented. Holed up there in early summer, 1816 was a group that included the impulsive Byron, Mary Shelley, her romantic mate Percy and Dr. John Polidori, physician to Byron. The weather was bad, the group bored, so Lord Byron proposed that the time be passed in the telling of terrifying tales. Percy Shelley—a young man given to indulging in hallucinatory excesses that would oft

THE REPTILE was another of the screen screen's many serpentine sisters. Played by Jacqueline Pearce, she starred in a 1966 Hammer flick in which her plastic fangs frequently feasted on various expendable bit players.

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Vampire Visage: This fanged female was but one of several bloodthirsty brides residing in Baron Meinster's horrifying harem in Hammer's 1960 opus, BRIDES OF DRACULA. Count Dracula himself appeared only in the film's title

result in much agitated breathing and mopping of brow—would find his psyche so fired by Byron's stories that he would sometimes leap suddenly from his seat and run through the castle corridors as though pursued by demons, howling, baying, and behaving in so frenzied a manner that he would have to be calmed down by heavy doses of ether administered by the good doctor Polidori. Byron apparently enjoyed these scenes immensely and further delighted in intimidating his guests via various mildly sadistic ruses. It was in this atmosphere of self-indulgent eccentricity that Mary immersed herself, for the most part remaining in the background, saying little but taking all in. Pleased to find the time passing so pleasantly, Byron suggested that each of their company set themselves about the task of writing a tale of macabre and dread.

On the night of June 19, 1816, Mary, not yet nineteen years of age, retired to her chambers to give birth to Western Civilization's greatest monster, one whose frustrations and severe sense of alienation would mirror and magnify her own. From the desperate imagination of an intimidated but impassioned adolescent came the monster who would see the most service in plays, films, legend and lore for centuries to follow

LADIES GO APE

Still, though the **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** introduced the first truly formidable female monster to the screen, it would be a few years yet before others of her type would be entrenching in any significant numbers on what was considered exclusively male monster turf. Males had long enjoyed advantages not extended to women in the horror film. For example, men had had the privilege of being transformed into apes (though there are no doubt those who would contend that such a switch is so subtle as to be almost negligible) many times before the same honor was granted to a woman. Universal, the fright film capital of the '40s, finally broke that sex barrier in 1943 with the release of their **CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN.** The film had mad doctor John Carradine turn an orang-utan into the wild woman of the title (Acquanetta) who tried, like every other Universal monster, to do in perennial heroine Evelyne Ankers, although this particular fiend was motivated by jealousy, not lust. Although the film had little else of interest to offer, it was popular enough to warrant a sequel, **JUNGLE WOMAN,** unleashed the following year. In that one Aquanette got a second, equally unsuccessful crack at Evelyn Ankers, while the mad doctor role went from Carradine to J. Carrol Naish. A third film, **JUNGLE CAPTIVE,** appeared in 1945, with mad scientist chores handles bo Otto Kruger and the Acquanetta-Ankers roles taken over by Vicky Lane and Amelita Ward. True monster movie lovers can cite differences in plot and quality among these films, but then true monster movie lovers are a strange breed, people who will stop at nothing to escape from a real world of terror and violence into an imaginary orb of same. At any rate, the Wild Woman films demonstrated that female ape-people could be every bit as hostile and popular as those of the male variety, which surely represents a triumph of sorts.

The once and future First Lady of the Fright Film was none other than Elsa Lanchester as THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Here unbalanced scientist Victor Frankenstein (Colin Clive) prepares to present the blushing bride to its intended mate, the Frankenstein Monster. The union lasted until death did they part—about 5 or 10 minutes.

Following this groundbreaking trio, women were ripe for changing into something even more uncomfortable. Throughout the '50s, when the horror film industry experienced a dramatic, if not necessarily healthy, revival after a severe postwar drought that saw monster movie production all but cease, and into the '60s, the screen played host to such as **SHE CREATURE,** (1956) **SHE DEVIL,** (1957), **SHE DEMONS** (1958), **SHE BEASTS** (1965), **SHE FREAK** (1967) and the **ASTOUNDING SHE MONSTER** (1958). For the first time female fiends found themselves competing in earnest with their male counterparts, and, fright filmmakers began rummaging through their well-thumbed Idea files to see what they might be thinking of next.

A SNAKE IN THE LASS

Of all the varieties of animal and insect life they had to choose from, hack horror film writers seemed to favor most merging women with snakes, a predictable predilection, all things considered.

The snake motif found expression in several films, including **THE SNAKE WOMAN** (1960), **THE REPTILE** (1966), and **CULT OF THE COBRA** a 1955 film that, while brimming over with horror film cliches, had an unsupernatural theme at its core. An entertainingly worthless B film, it told the tale of six typically obnoxious G.I. wise guys stationed in India at the close of World War II. Starved for kicks, the six arrange to infiltrate a meeting of a secret snake cult where they witness an extremely unauthentic-looking snake dance, a sight that prompts one of their number, despite dire warnings against it, to take a photo of the strange proceedings. Alerted to the foreigners' presence by the camera's flash, the cultists attack the unwanted Americans and, in the ensuing melee, a serpent worshipper suffers a fatal snake bite and vengeance is vowed at once. One of the unsightly Americans is also bitten and, after making his escape along with his cohorts, is deposited at a nearby hospital for treatment.

This ancient poster art from Roger Corman's WASP WOMAN reversed traditional male-female roles by having a female monster abduct a helpless, screaming male. Unfortunately, as is so often the case with mini-budgeted movies, no such scene appeared in the film itself. On the contrary, the WASP WOMAN, played by Susan Cabot, stood well under 5'8" in the film.

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Cadaverous Countenance· Barbara Steele essayed the role of a resurrected vampire-witch put to the torch for crimes against nature in Mario Bava's BLACK SUNDAY (1960). Barbara's the closest thing we have to an authentic female horror star, and even she—an American—had to journey to Italy to attain that status.

The following day finds the Americans, in arrogant Hollywood style, already prepared to file the incident under Forgotten. They're scheduled to return to the States (in their case New York) momentarily and are in no mood to mourn the demise of some heathen snake freak

Gloria Talbott became the DAUGHTER OF DR JEKYLL in Edgar G. Ulmer's 1957 fright film and was one of several female relations of famous male monsters to flourish in the 50s The film has been hailed by a few as an unsung classic; others take violent issue with that opinion.

DAUGHTER of DR. JEKYLL

who more than likely had it coming anyway Nor are they overly concerned about the state of their stricken friend, since they had already made sure to sap the poison from his body While the friend is resting overnight at the hospital, however, he is the recipient of a clandestine visit from a snake who sneaks in through the window and infects him anew in a subjective camera shot that photographs the scene from a snake's eye view Doctors inform the other five that, despite the positive prognosis they had earlier been given, their friend has turned up unexpectedly but irrevocably dead

Undismayed, the rest of the crew, their spirits buoyed by their prospective homeward journey, are equally prepared to forget about their friend's death as we l After their return to New York, the film turns most of its attention to two of the crew (played by Marshall Thompson and Richard Long), fast friends who, it turns out, had left the same girl behind prior to going off to war When the ady in question (Kath een Hughes) is forced to choose twixt the twain, she picks Richard Long Thompson, disheartened but—being a 'good Joe'—unembittered by the rejection, takes up with an exotic but emotionally cold woman (Faith Domergue) who has just moved into his apartment building. Needless to say, the lady is in reality a Snake Goddess, an instrument of revenge sent to distant shores to do in the irreligious Americans. Thompson, deter mined to recover from his recent rejection at the hands of his ex-amour, courts the chilly young stranger (who bears no trace of an Indian accent and appears not to suffer from even a mild case of culture shock), who endures his unwanted attentions in order to discover the whereabouts of his compatriots in crime In short order, two of the other ex-soldiers are searched out and destroyed The survivors grow suspicious of Thompson's lady love but hesitate to voice said suspicions for fear of offending their already rejected and dejected friend From this point on, the film really focuses on the male paranoia and uneasiness experienced by a man involved with a woman his

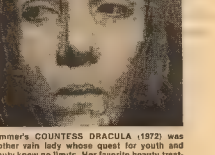
THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (1970) was yet another Hammer outing overflowing with female vampires in low-cut dresses and shiny fangs

friends disapprove of In this case, it was because she was prone to turning into a venomous snake; the same mentality might react in kind were she saddled with nothing more supernatural than a weight problem, loud nasal voice, or unconventional manner The film, a hack job in most respects, is worth seeing for this angle alone Thompson's torn loyalties result in some believable bouts of discomfort, all standard horror elements aside. And needless to add, the snake lady meets with a violent death before completing her monstrous mission.

VANITY SCARE

Not all of the new breed of lady monsters were of the animal variety. Another durable and characteristically "female" horror staple was the lady driven by vanity and insecurity into illicitly prolonging/preserving her youth/beauty at any/all costs Roger Corman's **WASP WOMAN** (1959) was not about the horror of being a female While Anglo Saxon Protestant but of the plight of a strong-willed cosmetics exec who included wasp enzymes in her beauty formula and as a result would sporadically change into a murderous insect woman The **LEECH WOMAN** (1960) journeyed to Africa where she learned that beauty could be restored by killing men and injecting their pineal gland secretions into her veins Before making this discovery, the Leech Woman is depicted as a fairly attractive 40ish woman married to a callous doctor who is rapidly losing interest in her "fading charms". The idea that such a woman would sooner submit to a life of constant violence and anxiety (the serum would wear off without notice and age her more drastically each time she came down) in order to lose 20 years of ugly life is apparently an acceptable one to film audiences Were the film about an equally attractive male of comparable ages, it would doubtless strain credulity Both the Wasp and Leech Women were duly punished for their respective follies and their filmic paramours quite horrified to see what they had "really" gotten into

Female monsters received a sudden boost in stature in 1958 when the **ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN** was released to compete with the likes of the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** and **THE CYCLOPS**, then extant male giants Distaff relations of famous monsters also began to proliferate. There was the **DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL** (1957) **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1958) and even **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1965) Combining the worst of both genres, **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** shared a bill with **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** and had a descendant of the infamous Frankenstein setting up shop in the old West where she whiled away the hour turning a sidekick of Jesse James into the Monster. In one memorable moment from the film, she informs the metamorphosed cowboy that, "You are no longer Hank Tracy You are Igor " All in all, one of the few horror films to really live up to the promise of its title Other titillating titles included **EVE THE WILD WOMAN** (1968). **VOODOO WOMAN** (1957). **QUEEN OF BLOOD** (1966). **BRIDES OF BLOOD** (1968). **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS** (1971). **BRIDE OF THE GORILLA** (1951). **BRIDE AND THE BEAST** (1958), and **I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE** (1958) but, aside from the usua vampires, voodoo priestesses and assorted



Hammer's COUNTESS DRACULA (1972) was another vain lady whose quest for youth and beauty knew no limits. Her favorite beauty treatment required frequent bathing in the blood of murdered virgins. You probably expect us to say something about what a tough time she'd have finding any nowadays, but we won't descend to that level of humor... for a change.

brides or various beasts, most of the female monster films hinged on a simple sex reversal With a few minor script and casting alterations, most could have been filmed with male monsters in the leads indeed, most already had been. ■

(Next time, in Part the Second of LADIES OF THE FRIGHT, author Kane will turn his usually wandering attention to Cat Women, Crazy Ladies, Outer Space & Primitive Females and other distaff fiends Stay tuned!—Ed.)

LADIES OF THE FRIGHT FILMOGRAPHY

The following is a list of credits for the principal films discussed in the above article, followed by a sampling of other filmic ladies of the fright, many of whom, due to space requirements, were not mentioned in the text. The list is by no means complete, since the creature contributions made by frightening females have been far too extensive to be fully covered here. We'll be running a follow-up filmography next issue covering other eerie areas of female endeavor

LADY MONSTERS FILMOGRAPHY PART I

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935) 80 minutes Directed by James Whale Screenplay by William Hurlbut and John Balderston Starring Colin Clive, Boris Karloff, Valerie Hobson Elsa Lanchester, Ernest Thesiger, O P Heggie Dwight Frye Walter Brennan, John Carradine

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN (1943) 60 minutes Directed by Edward Dmytryk Screenplay by Griffin Jay and Henry Sucher Starring John Carradine Acquanetta Milburn Stone, Evelyn Ankers Lloyd Corrigan Fay Helm

CULT OF THE COBRA (1955) 82 minutes Directed by Francis D Lyon Screenplay by Harry Davis, Cecil Maiden and Richard Collins Starring Faith Domergue, Richard Long Marshall Thompson, David Janssen, Jack Kelly, Kathleen Hughes

JUNGLE CAPTIVE (1945) 63 minutes Directed by Harold Young Screenplay by Dwight V Babcock and M Coates Webster Starring Otto Kruger, Vicky Lane, Amerita Ward, Phil Brown Jerome Cowan Rondo Hatton

JUNGLE WOMAN (1944) 54 minutes Directed by Reginald LeBorg Screenplay by Henry Sucher Bernard Schubert and Edward Dein Starring Evelyn Ankers, Acquanetta J Carrol Naish, Lois Collier Samuel S Hinds Milburn Stone

LEECH WOMAN 1960) 77 minutes Directed by Edward Dein Screenplay by David Duncan Starring Colleen Gray, Grant Williams Gloria Talbott Philip Terry John Van Dreelen, Kim Hamilton

WASP WOMAN (1959) 73 minutes D rected by Roger Corman Screenplay by Leo Gordon Starring Susan Cabot Fred Eisley, Bruno VeSota Barbbura Morris, Frank Gerstle

MSellaneous Ladies

AIDO—SLAVE OF LOVE (1969, Japanese). **AN ANGEL FOR SATAN** (1966, Italian). **BLOOD AND ROSES** (1961, French). **ATOMIC WAR BRIDE** (1965). **BACK FROM THE DEAD** (1957). **BLOOD OF DRACULA** (1957). **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** (1956). **BRIDES OF DRACULA** (1960, British). **BRIDES OF FU MANCHU** (1966, British) **COUNTESS DRACULA** (1971 British) **DAUGHTERS OF SATAN** (1972). **DEVIL BAT'S DAUGHTER** (1946) **DEVIL'S BRIDE** (1967, British) **DEVIL'S MISTRESS** (1966) **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER** (1936) **FACE OF EVE** (1968 Brit sh-Spanish) **FEMALE COBRA** (1956 Pak stanis) **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN** (1966 British) **THE GORGON** (1964, British) **INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS** (1973). **INVISIBLE WOMAN** (1940) **QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES** (1967 French **SHE-WOLF** (1954 Mexican) **SHE-WOLF OF LONDON** (1948) **SNAKE GIRL AND THE SILVER HAIRED WITCH** (1968 Japanese, **TERROR FROM THE YEAR 5 000** (1958) **VAMPIRE GIRLS** 1967 Mexican) **VAMPIRE LOVERS** (1970 British) **WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE** 1965 British)

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The Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE . . . brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (. . . listen for the sound of applause).

Edgar Allan Poe in 1848

EVERYONE'S GOING APE
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APE & BREW

"Everyone's going ape," says the copy, "over these great specials!" So it's come to this, has it? Bad enough that Kong was exploited to peddle cars and bras, now Steak & Brew's gotten into the apish act. This crudely rendered Kong appeared in the April 1 edition of the NEW YORK POST and shows the great ape hoisting an outsized stein of beer in salute to Steak & Brew's dubious gustatory fare. Apparently the artist responsible for this inept simian sketch wasn't quite up to drawing anything so elaborate as the Empire State Building and so settled for this anonymous and infinitely undistinguished edifice atop which Kong rests his badly drawn bulk. New to the Steak & Brew menu (which has never been noted for its variety) is something called "The Feast," plugged as "Something for Every Taste."

We only hope that this "something" doesn't include gorilla meat for, if word ever got back to the King, Steak & Brew would be in for big trouble. I mean, Kong has been known to eat restaurants like that for breakfast . and live to regret it!

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF POE

According to an article in the April 3, 1974 edition of THE NEW YORK TIMES, looters and vandals have been making a shambles of macabre master Edgar Allan Poe's former residence in the Bronx. Already stolen were a portrait of Poe and a statue of his legendary raven—criminal acts that have prompted the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences to request that the Parks Department declar Poe's cottage off-limits to the public. Meanwhile, the Bronx Historical Society has alleged that the city is as much to blame as the vandals—that the cottage has not been kept up and necessary repairs haven't been made. Poe moved to the house in 1846, three years prior to his tragic death, and composed such world-famous works as "The Bells" and "Ulalume" while living there. According to Eric Pace, author of the Times article, a Parks Department spokesman said that "the department would get around to making repairs when the weather improved, but he said there was no plan to spend any of the $50,000 that the city earmarked some years ago for sprucing up the building." 1974 also marks the 125th anniversary of Edgar Allan's demise, but the city has made no plans for staging memorial festivities this October either. But we at TMT feel that New York still deserves its Fun City sobriquet. It's just got an odd idea of what constitutes fun is all.

THE APE THAT GOT AWAY

One simian who slipped our notice last issue was this gorilla peering over Carl Reiner's shoulder in a Kodak ad that appeared in the February, 1974 edition of MAKING FILMS IN NEW YORK, an East Coast trade journal. Reiner's association with apes began in WHERE'S POPPA?, a black comedy that saw star George Segal don gorilla garb in an unsuccessful attempt to scare his aged, troublemaking mother (Ruth

Gordon) to death. Since then, Reiner has directed THE COMIC, a simultaneously funny and poignant film about a silent comedian, and is currently doing THE NEW DICK VAN DYKE SHOW television. As for Reiner's gorilla, this is the first we've seen of him since WHERE'S POPPA? We only hope that this lone commercial appearance doesn't disqualify him from receiving future unemployment checks.

GAMES GORILLAS PLAY

In addition to being the only TV game show to have a New Mexico town named after it (which gives you some idea where New Mexico is at), TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES also featured a guest appearance put in by the anonymous ape you see here. The long-running NBC quiz show is on six days a week and offers a glittering array of dazzling prizes to contestants who display the greatest ability to humiliate themselves before millions of envious viewers. Now they've apparently begun to extend the same opportunity to members of the simian set—a dubious victory for the Simian Liberation Movement, if you ask us.

SAUCERS STILL IN SIGHT

Pittsburgh deejay and ardent TMT fan Al "Jazzbeaux" Collins brought this item to our attention. This illustration appeared on the cover of the March, 1974 edition of RENAISSANCE PITTSBURGH, that city's equivalent of NEW YORK Magazine, and showed a mod, denim-clad citizen and his blonde paramour men being menaced by a hirsute alien. Inside the issue was an in-depth report on recent UFO activity by roving reporter John Hanna. According to many eyewitnesses, the skies have been alive of late with all kinds of alien saucers and ships and, though none of the sightings have proven beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt that aliens do indeed exist, who are we to say nay?

DRACULA LIVES!

DRACULA LIVES but it's anything but a vampire. Instead, DRACULA is the title of 12 new magazines direct from England. Each issue is in full color throughout the book featuring the art of such Spanish greats as Esteban Maroto who does the character WOLFF! Enrich Sic and J.M. Bea. These 12 books contain art like you've never seen before in your life! And the color is superbly done. All on heavy cardboard like stock to insure long readabi ity.

All these books are in English text, meant for the British Isles, but imported by THE MONSTER TIMES for TMT readers. There are 12 issues of these full color extravaganzes. They can be purchased in lots of six, in lots of twelve or individually. A "must have" addition to your comic art library. The greatest barbarians and the prettiest ladies inhabit these magazines.

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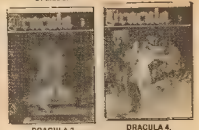

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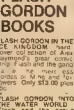

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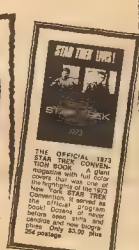

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The weather's warm, the sun bright, and it's a perfect day for a spring walk to the nearest MADHOUSE. At least that's where these sinister strollers seem to be heading in Amicus Productions' fright film of the same name

You've toured DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and heard the chilling TALES FROM THE CRYPT, now it's time to check into the MADHOUSE. That's the title of Amicus Films' new terror treat—a film that unites sinister stars Vincent Price, Peter Cushing and Robert Quarry. Here to report on the horror happenings is TMT's globe-stomping creature correspondent Geoffrey Oldham, who was there to witness the weird goings-on.

★★ A TMT PREVIEW ★★

BY GEOFFREY OLDHAM

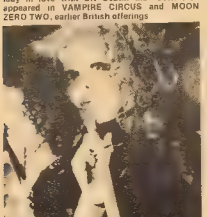
Up until now, horror film stars, for some reason, always came in pairs. First there was the team of Karloff and Lugosi, then the dynamic British duo, Cushing and Lee. Now American International has come up with a triple play, uniting Vincent Price, Robert Quarry, and Peter Cushing in what they hope will be the fright film of the year—**MADHOUSE**, (formerly titled **THE RETURN OF DR. DEATH**).

AIP has at least two things going for it with this film, in addition to the name value of the cast. First, they shot the film in England. For some reason, AIP's British efforts usually turn out to be far superior to their post-Corman Hollywood efforts. Second, executive producer Samuel Z. Arkoff has wisely chosen Milt Subotsky and Max Rosenberg as co-producers. These are the fellows responsible for Amicus horror blockbusters like **DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS** and **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**. They specialize in British fright films, and in London they're known as "The American Hammer."

Vincent Price plays actor Paul Toombes, who, in turn, plays screen menace Dr. Death. The plot involves a horror film thespian suspected of taking his murderous work home with him; a subtler, if more serious, story line threaded its way through an earlier film, A DOUBLE LIFE, with Ronald Colman playing an unhinged actor.

What does this menacing skull have to do with the eerie events that transpire in MADHOUSE? Well, he's not telling, and neither are we. To find the answer to that and other vital queries, you'll have to see the film yourself.

Another fright film veteran, Adrienne Corri plays the crazed Faye Flay, a dagger-wielding lady in love with Dr. Death. Ms Corri also appeared in VAMPIRE CIRCUS and MOON ZERO TWO, earlier British offerings



The **DR. PHIBES** films have been some of the most successful of the recent AIP entries, so it was only natural for the company to stick pretty closely to the same formula. Not that **MADHOUSE** is any follow-up to Phibes. In fact, it's an original story, with its own set of characters. But the over all film is highly reminiscent of the Phibes efforts—a good old-fashioned horror movie that doesn't take itself too seriously. The screenplay by Greg Morrison is very loosely based on the Angus Hall novel **DEVILDAY**, and the three principals get plenty of latitude.

SCRIPT FROM THE CRYPT

The plot line for **MADHOUSE** is a bit familiar, but there are enough twists to sustain interest and a generous dose of mystery keeps the audience guessing. Vincent Price plays a horror film star named Paul Toombes (now there's a real case of typecasting!). It seems that Toombes stood trial in Hollywood back in the fifties for the murder of his fiancee. At that time he was a major star, playing the title character in a series of "Dr. Death" films (from whence came the film's original title). While the trial resulted in a verdict of "not guilty," the resultant had publicity put an abrupt end to his movie career. Finally, after twenty years, Toombes is trying to make a comeback, via a London based TV version of his "Dr. Death" films. During the course of shooting the TV series, two actresses and a publicity girl are murdered. All signs seem to point to Toombes as the killer. As was the case with his fiancee years earlier, the murder method is similar to the one used by the character "Dr. Death." Naturally, Scotland Yard starts to wonder whether Toombes might be taking his role a bit too seriously, reliving in real life what he does on the screen. You'll find out the truth when you see the movie. But let me recommend at the outset that you also try to get your hands on the Angus Hall novel. It bears little resemblance to the picture's final script, and since both the book and the movie are quite good, you can double your pleasure by making sure that you catch both.

BIG-NAME NEMESES

The big question that always comes up when a studio makes a film with an all star cast is, "Does so and so get the screentime he deserves?" If you happen to be a Vincent Price fan, a Robert Quarry fan, or a Peter Cushing fan, you're probably going to feel that your particular favorite isn't in the limelight enough, but that's only natural. Actually, since Price has the title role, he spends the most time on camera. Quarry has a fairly decent role as film and television producer Oliver Quayle. As for the size of Peter Cushing's

Continued on page 29

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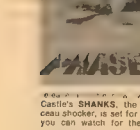
The Monster Times Teletype

is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-weird-wire info to you, serving up all the news of what's cookin' in every medium, from the rare to the half-baked to the well-done reviews, previews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, sci-fi and fantasy happenings in films, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender egos in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Fright Film Forecasting chores is **"Breezy Bill" Feret**, who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins directly below

I can how inform you that my feature article will be appearing in the April issue of AFTER DARK which should be on the stands even as you read this. Naturally it's about a subject near and dear to our hearts the joys of Monsterdom and cinematic terrors. Never thought a magazine like AFTER DARK would go from nudes to ogrimares, did ya?

On the Shock Scene, Paramount seems awfully active. They have their super-ant opus, **PHASE IV**, set for



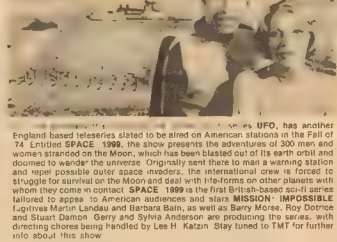
Castle's **SHANKS**, the Marcel Marceau shocker, is set for May In June you can watch for the **PARALLAX VIEW** a little ditty about assassinations and murders galore, starring Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss and William Daniels (who starred as TV's **CAPTAIN NICE** a few years ago) In December, Paramount will release Stanley Donen's **THE LITTLE PRINCE**, marking a long-overdue return to the fantasy musical The cast stars Richard K ey, Donna McKechnie, and Bob Fosse-as the snake We sure could use another **WIZARD OF OZ**

Talk about blockbusters take a look at the cast rundown for EMI's production of **MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS** Albert Finney (who carried around a severed head in a hatbox in **NIGHT MUST FALL**) Lauren Bacall, Martin Balsam, (the stabbed detective in **PSYCHO**), Ingrid Bergman, Jacqueline Bisset (**THE MEPHISTO WALTZ**), Sean Connery (you oughtta know!), Anthony Perkins (the stabber in **PSYCHO**), Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Widmark and Michael York Whew!

You'll be happy to know that one of our favorite ghou, s, Christopher Lee, will be co-starring in the next James Bond film, **THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN**, opposite Roger Moore as 007 and Britt Ekland as "Mary Goodnight"(?) for UA

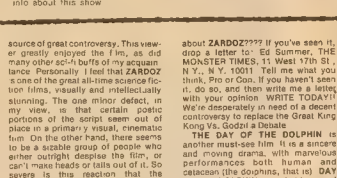
There's to be an Italian production starring Farley Granger and Marisa Mell as ed **DEATH WILL COME AND HAVE YOUR EYES** Baby bl,e?

Too Bad You Didn't Know Sooner Item April just saw the finish of the International Festival of Fantastic and



Science Fiction Films n gay Paree Paris seems to becoming more "Grue" than "Gay " at least in some circles as its **LE GRAND GUIGNOL REVIVIENT** is doing swell boxoffice I would really be terrific if the French came up with a studio to rival the British Hammer and Amicus companies Whatever you scream sounds better in French

Michae Sarrazin, seen lately as the

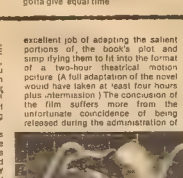


England based teleseries slated to be aired on American stations in the Fall of 74 Entitled **SPACE 1999**, the show presents the adventures of 300 men and women stranded on the Moon, which has been blasted out of its earth orbit and doomed to wander the universe Originally sent there to man a warning station and repel possible outer space invaders, the international crew is forced to struggle for survival on the Moon and deal with life-forms on other planets with whom they come in contact **SPACE 1999** is the first British-based sci-fi series tailored to appe,l to American audiences and stars **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE** fugitives Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, as well as Barry Morse, Roy Dotrice and Stuart Damon Gerry and Sylvia Anderson are producing the series, with directing chores being handled by Lee H Katzin Stay tuned to TMT for further info about this show

"pretty boy" Frankenstein on the superb recent TV version of the Shelley classic, stars opposite Jennifer O'Neill in the Bing Crosby Productions' suspenser, **THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD** Don't ask me, I didn't make up that title

Talk about weird titles, make ready for this one **ROCKULA** Honest! It's a rock horror film from Creative Entertainment Corp. I think the hero turns into Mick Jagger at the full of the moon

Master terpsichorean Fred Astaire joins Paul Newman and Steve McQueen in Irwin Allen's Fox-Warner production of **THE TOWERING INFERNO** The holocaust takes place in the recently completed tallest building in the world, on the day of its dedication

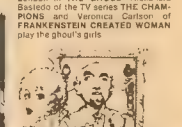


Jack Pa producer of **SCHLOCK** and **SON OF BLOB** is being joined by Leon Mirell to film the theatrical classic of demonic possess-on ala the Jew sh vers on, **THE DYBBUK** Ya gotta give equal time

Finally, after all these years, producer Barry Kirk is bringing a **TOM SWIFT** feature to the screen with a multi-million $ budget and Gene Kelly directing Tom wasn t so swift, but he finally made it

Back to possession, Peer ess Films is now shooting **HELP ME, I'M POSSESSED** No one I ever heard of stars

Peter Cushing is before the cameras at Pinewood Studios, London in **THE GHOUL** Alexandra Bastedo of the TV series **THE CHAMPIONS** and Veronica Carlson of **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN** play the ghoul's girls



I've mentioned **ARNOLD** before, and it ought to be turning up any day now I'm rather looking forward to seeing it It's a black comedy about a m sfress who marries her corpse's dead body Sounds cute, no? Starred are Stella Stevens, Roddy McDowall, Elsa "Beloved Bride" Lanchester Farley Granger Shani Wallis and Victor Buono

Composer Bernard Herrmann has a series of re-recorded albums on the Request label Mr. Herrmann penned the scores for such films as **PSYCHO,** and **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** In New York, the soundtrack albums can be gotten at Kung Karo Records

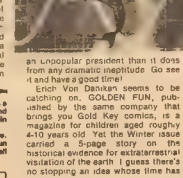
If my cat, Lapis, doesn't stop eat ng my notes, there's gonna be one more CAT astrophe around here. See ya. ■

SF&F

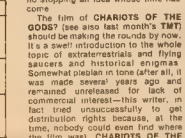
In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-around Wizard of the weird, ED SUMMER owns and operates the Supersnipe Bookstore, a well-stocked, sprawling fan's paradise specializing in comics, film books, and other fomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plug, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoops from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and once in a while does.

ZARDOZ **Revisited.** John Boorman's new film is shaping up as a source of great controversy. This viewer greatly enjoyed the f lm, as did many other sci-fi buffs of my acquaintance Personally I feel that **ZARDOZ** s one of the great all-time science fiction films, visually and intellectually stunning. The one minor defect, in my view, is that certain poetic portions of the script seem out of place in a primarily visual, cinematic film On the other hand, there seems to be a sizable group of fans who either outright despise the film, or can't make heads or tails out of it. So severe is this reaction that the producers of **ZARDOZ** have added an artificial and, to me, unnecessary introduction to the film I've always felt that any film that elicits such extreme reactions has got to be striking an important chord somewhere, people would just ignore it. What do YOU, THE READER, think about **ZARDOZ**???? If you've seen it, drop a letter to: Ed Summer, THE MONSTER TIMES, 11 West 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Tell me what you think, Pro or Con. If you haven't seen it, do so, and then write me a letter with your opinion WRITE TODAY!! We're desperately in need of a decent controversy to replace the Great King Kong Vs. Godzil a Debate.

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN is another mixed-bag film It is a sincere and moving drama, with marvelous performances both human and cetacean (the dolphins, that is) **DAY OF THE DOLPHIN** is probably one of the all-time finest family films in the sci-fi genre, dealing as it does with cogent issues of human morality and political exigency in relating to a completely alien species The original novel probes more deeply into these issues, but Buck Henry has done an



excellent job of adapting the salient portions of the book's plot and simp lifying them to fit into the format of a two-hour theatrical motion picture (A full adaptation of the novel would have taken at least four hours plus intermission) The conclusion of the film suffers more from the unfortunate coincidence of being released during the administration of



an unpopular president than it does from any dramatic ineptitude Go see it and have a good time!

Erich Von Daniken seems to be catching on. GOLDEN FUN, published by the same company that brings you Gold Key comics, is a magazine for children aged roughly 4-10 years old Yet the Winter issue carried a 5-page story on the historical evidence for extraterrestrial visitation of the earth I guess there's no stopping an idea whose time has come

The film of **CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?** (see also last month's **TMT**) should be making the rounds by now. It s a swell introduction to the whole topic of extraterrestrials and flying saucers and historical enigmas Somewhat plodian in tone (after all, it was made several years ago and remained unreleased for lack of commercial interest—this writer, in fact tried unsuccessfully to get distribution rights because, at the time, nobody could even find where the film was), **CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?** gives a very satisfactory coverage of some real von Daniken mind-stumpers t was particularly

intrigued with the views of the Plain of Nazca from the air It's much easier to see what von Daniken is talking about than to figure it out from those blurry black and white photographs in the paperback editions

You might consider reading or re-reading E.R. Burroughs' **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** (Ace, 47021, 75¢), since it's a lot of fun and also because Amicus-American International has just put a film version into production in England for release next Fall Screenplay is by Michael Moorcock of Sword and Sorcery fame The strange, unexp a ned revolutionary process of CASPAK (the unknown country of the book) intrigues me no end It all hints at a sequel that will enlighten the reader Does any one know if it exists???? My secret sources (heh, heh!) tell me that the plot outline to an unpublished CARSON OF VENUS novel by Burroughs may see the light of day in the near future.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS has absolutely nothing to do with science fiction, but Richard Lester's new film version (in two parts, no less) of the Dumas classic comes so close to being a masterpiece amongst swashbucklers that I have to urge you to see it Doug Fairbanks Sr. would have loved it, and you will, too

CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT Across the country, comic mags, sf fans, monster freaks and the like are constantly gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare item for your collection. And they're great places to meet people—famous, infamous and plain ordinary!

If you've never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They vary in size, emphasis, and quality, of course, but they're all fun to attend We at TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
April 14 May 5	COMIC BOOK MARKET Phil Seuling 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City	$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALERS DISPLAY No special guests
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May 24 to May 27	CON WITH NO NAME P.O. Box 561 New York, New York	AMERICANA HOTEL New York City	Inquire for rates.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD COMIC CON 535 N. Citrus Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90036	HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif.	$1, 50¢ under 12	feature films, cartoons & lots of tradings and guests

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COMICS

As per usual, when the time came for youthful-idealist-cum-comics-scholar Joe Brancatelli to turn in his copy (with much pageantry and fanfare) for his feature this issue, the "big man" was nowhere in sight. Though we received no column, we did get a long letter full of tactical excuses, none of which carried enough credibility to merit mention here. Suffice it to say that underground comix maven Mike Olshan came through with this revealing report on the adventures of OCTOBRIANA, much-harassed heroine of the Russian underground, to bale the errant Brancatelli out.

Officially, there are no comic strips in the Soviet Union. The Russian government condemns this medium of expression as a bourgeois product of the decadent West, unfit for the eyes of New Soviet Man. Unofficially, there is at least one comic strip in Russia, secretly produced and furtively circulated by a fear filled underground. It tells is OCTOBRIANA, and it reaches the hands of only a carefully selected and trusted few.

One of these trusted few was a Czech named Petr Sadecky, who became involved with an underground cell in Kiev. This cell published an underground journal named Mistry in which the OCTOBRIANA feature appeared. The strip was a collective effort by which Sadecky was a contributor. When he defected to the West in 1967, he brought with him some copies of Mistry, some original artwork and extensive notes. From this material he developed a book OCTOBRIANA AND THE RUSSIAN UNDERGROUND, which has been published as a large-format paperback by Harper and Row.

This book contains a great deal of background data, in which the problems of independent publication in Russia, and the nature and activities of the underground organization are explained. It also contains many examples of artwork, some of them full color, and two whole chapters in full English translation of the OCTOBRIANA strip. It is unfortunate that these selections are both the second chapters of two separate stories, but these serve to indicate the flavor of the strips well as the style and quality of the artwork. Summaries of the missing chapters are provided. Obviously, when one is smuggling and deliver ing, one's selection may be limited.

It would not be fair to compare OCTOBRIANA with the American underground comix, formally protected by freedom of the press (though still greatly hindered by a perverse Supreme Court and crazed local censors, see the editorial in Boob Comics #8), our undergrounds are published in the open and available to anybody over 18) in many bookstores. The Russian underground consists of a handful of intellectuals in each major city who gather secret y to drink wine and gripe. To gather and pass on itself a crime, and to publish is an act of daring. Copies, in runs of a few hundred, are printed in the dead of night on government presses with government materials. They are passed from hand to hand, unwrapped. To be caught with a copy is to risk seven years of slave labor.

The printing quality of these works, as might be expected, is excellent. The artwork is nowhere near as slick as ours, for the Russians are cut off from Western strips on which to model their efforts. For some reason the illustrations carry a quality suggestive of woodcut.

OCTOBRIANA, as her name suggests, is the personification of the ideals of the October Revolution ideals which the underground feels the government has betrayed. Like a female superhero, thousands of years old and forever young, she Heggard's She. She has superhuman strength an enormous bust, and a sizable inclination for sex and bloodshed. The official Russian press is fearing in sensationalism and the underground overdoses itself in attempting to redress this grievance. Casual sado-masochism seems to be an element as important as political defiance in this feature. Stanley-clad in half-savages, she wanders the world in her spherical flying machine, seeking battle and adventure as might be expected, she has no trouble finding both.

TREK TALK

Trek Talk will be a regular feature of the TMT Teletype page, bringing you the latest news from the world of STAR TREK and current events in the lives of the people who brought you that undying sci-fi series. Aiding and abetting us in this quest for intergalactic info will be (among others) Bjo Trimble and Margaret A. Baste, both of whom publish Star Trek newsletters for the education and edification of Trekkies 'round the globe.

A Schuster's Fourth Annual International Star Trek Convention is alive and well. The convention dates are January 10, 11 and 12, 1975. The convention site will again be the Americana Hotel, and the hotel has provided an additional floor for convention activities.

Advance registration until December 1 is $5.00. A advance registrants will pay no more than half of the at-the-door ticket price. This year the convention will not be taking or checking names and addresses at the door—a process that was responsible for long lines in the past. At-the-door ticket price will be $10.00. Attendance will not be limited.

TMT has been told that a number of radical changes will be made in the convention format—all to the fans benefit. Al Schuster will be the person responsible for ALL aspects of the convention and, with five conventions championships already to his credit, you can expect parties, autograph sessions and many other goodies.

A progress report will be sent out by November 1, 1974 to inform you of all new happenings!

The P.O. Box remains the same: International Star Trek Convention, Box 3127, N.Y.C. 10008.

In the meantime, Star Trek alumni have been keeping themselves busy. As we already read about William Shatner's current activities elsewhere in this issue and should be pleased to learn that Leonard Nimoy co-starred in THE ALPHA CAPER, an ABC Suspense Movie aired March 30th. Shown for the first time back in October, the made-for-TV movie starred Henry Fonda as an embittered ex-cop who tries to pull off a $30 million heist, with the aid of three criminal experts. Leonard played "Mitch," an electronics genius who helps pull off the job. Also featured in the film were horror film veterans Elena Verdugo and Kenneth Tobey.

And speaking of Leonard Nimoy, put in an appearance at New York University's Loeb Center this April 11 past to lecture about Star Trek and other items of a vital and relevant nature. It gave Fun City fans a chance to hear and enjoy Leonard in more intimate environs than a crowded convention.

In Houston, Texas the scene is being set for what's shaping up to be one of the greatest fan conventions ever held. For the first time ever, you'll have your choice of two cons—STAR TREK '74 and HOUSTONCON 74—for the price of one. The Star Trek section will be held in two rooms—"The Vulcan Outpost" and "The Transporter Room" will be the site of a sci-fi film retrospective (featuring classics like THE TIME MACHINE, FORBIDDEN PLANET, 1984, WAR OF THE WORLDS, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS and others), a narrated Star Trek slide show (of over 500 slides), 8 complete ST episodes, and the hilarious Star Trek blooper films. Guest of honor will be Walter Koenig of Mr. Chekov fame, who will be there for three full days and is slated to give an informal talk about ST, followed by a question-and answer period. Among the costumes that will be given away will be a 16mm sound and color print of the Star Trek blooper films—a rare and much coveted artifact, that. A first prize of $100 will be awarded the winner of a combined pair costume competition, featuring both Star Trek and non-Star Trek costumes.

As for HOUSTONCON '74, held simultaneously with STAR TREK '74, scheduled guests include Kirk (Superman) Alyn, former Tarzan Jock Mahoney, sex stuntman Dave Sharpe and top comic artists Fred Fredericks Don Heyward, Kenneth Smith and Al Williamson. HOUSTONCON '74 will be screening a staggering variety of films completely unedited, including the legendary THE SPIDER'S WEB and the longlost THE LONE RANGER, a three-part movie sampler, a B-Western sampler, a serial sampler and a television retrospective featuring episodes from long-unseen shows as SPACE PATROL, HOWDY DOODY, AMOS 'N' ANDY, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT and TERRY AND THE PIRATES. Remember, you get both cons for the price of one! Tickets for both cons for all four days (June 20-23) are $7.50 in advance and $10 at the door. For more ticket and dealer info, write HOUSTONCON '74, c/o Earl Bialr, 2511 Pennington Street, Houston, Texas 77016. Sounds like it's gonna be a good one.

1974 NEW YORK Comic Convention

How can the 1974 version of the mind-boggling Comic Art Convention possibly match the fun filled big BIG 1973 version? Can 1974 be better and bigger than those star-filled exciting five days? I really don't know, but I'm willing to bet that it can be sure of the features that a mega-dernish Con extravaganza like that should contain: the spacious all-encompassing size of all the great artists and writers in personnel appearance the extra big Art Gallery and Auction, the atmosphere that combines the best features of circus and private club —that make this Convention number one! celebration by!

Even now, it's not early to announce a few features of the Convention as they will happen, but how about a short preview? Let's go.

CONVENTION CHAIRMAN • PHIL SEULING
P.O. BOX 177 CONEY ISLAND STATION
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11224

THURS • JULY 4
FRI • JULY 5
SAT • JULY 6
SUN • JULY 7
MON • JULY 8
10 AM — 7:30PM
Close Mon
5 PM

Will Eisner will narrate a slide show about the *Spirit*, giving all of us a chance to hear the how's and why's of the strip directly from the writer/artist's point of view.

A retrospective art show will feature the world of the brilliant Winsor McCay, who combined the elements of fantasy and poetry and the talent of a genius into the fabulous *Little Nemo* strip. Many has been shown in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and now here.

Vaughn Bodé will present a new version of his intriguing and wildly appreciated Cartoon Concert. Don't miss a minute!

The Costume Parade last year astonished even those who expected a rainbow display of ingenious costumes. Bring your costumes and enter right up to stage time. Can you ready? (And remember, cash prizes!)

Joe Simon is one of the artists whose influence is felt every time a comic book is opened. By himself and as part of the Simon and Kirby team, he has been setting a standard of quality and dynamism for years that others had to follow or be lost. From *Captain America* to the *Sandman*, Joe Simon has led the field. He will be the Convention's guest of honor.

Concentrated in one area will be the highlight work of Mike Kaluta, Jeff Jones, and Berni Wrightson—one of the most popular features at last year's Convention!

An auction a day will keep rent lessness away. Some bombs and some beauties will be up for bids, as usual.

From Marvel's bold bullpen emerges Mighty Boy Thomas with a rendition of some of the best of the best in the comic book field! Roy will be another great Convention press of honor!

The films this year will be faster, and they will fill the first four evenings of the Convention and best of all—they will be announced in advance!

Care to hear a point of view concerning how comics stories are told in graphics? Johnny Romita and Stan Lee will do that subject, as a special Convention feature.

A display room will be set aside for the works of Rich Buckler, Ken Bare, and Richard Corben in preparation their new book which will be published by then.

And this is just the beginning! More will be added as we get confirmations, and there will surely be as many slide shows, exhibits, talks, panels, and more than you can handle!

Get ready for a blast!

MAKE CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO PHIL SEULING P.O. BOX 177, CONEY ISLAND STATION, BKLYN, N.Y. 11224

REGULAR MEMBERSHIPS @ $7.50 ____

SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIPS @ $25.00 ____

LUNCHEON TICKETS @ $9.00 ____

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OTHERS, PLEASE LIST ON SEPERATE SHEET TOTAL $ ENCLOSED ____

MEMBERSHIP

Regular membership covers all five days and includes all activities.
$7.50 in advance or $9.00 at the door

Daily membership will be available from 10 the door $2.50

Supporting membership (nonattending) $25.00

All tickets are held in your name at the convention registration area to avoid losers through the mail.

All regular and supporting members who register before July 15 will also be listed in order of registration in the big Souvenir Program. Program books will be available later at $3.00.

HOTEL

The Seventh Annual Comic Art Convention is again at the big lovely Hotel Commodore on New York City's Park Avenue. Next to Grand Centra. Terminus, the hotel is a short walk from the United Nations, the Broadway theaters, Fifth Avenue's unprofitable shops, Eaton City and Times Square. All trains and buses converge here. New York City is at your convenience. Every room is sound-proof and air conditioned.

Special room rates for Convention members are:

SINGLE $18.00
DOUBLE or TWIN $24.00
TRIPLE $30.00
QUAD $36.00

These special rates will apply for one week before and one week after the convention, for your vacation convenience.

LUNCHEON

The Awards Luncheon will be held on Saturday, July 6. Receiving awards this year will be Joe Simon and Roy Thomas. Tickets to the luncheon are $9.00 each and early reservations are to everyone's advantage.

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DEALERS

A table six feet long by 2½ feet deep is $12.00 (Phone reservations five days and one address are valid May 15. After that the price is $18.00 per table. By March First 65 of 120 available tables had been sold.) Excuses, reservations payments are closed) on the best locations although there are no bad ones. Small, bridge tables are available at $5.00 per day per table. Specify whether you want.

Dealers send fees to Phil Seuling. Information sheets will be sent out about two weeks prior to the Convention.

ADVERTISING

The Souvenir Program will reach more than 7000 people. Ad rates follow:

PROFESSIONAL FAN	
FULL PAGE	$75.00 $60.00
HALF PAGE	$45.00 $40.00

Printed size: fullpage 3 1/2"x 8 1/2". Recommended engline, size of ad, submitted camera ready: 3" x 8". Ad deadline April 10, 1974.

CONVENTION HOURS

Wednesday	July 3 6pm. to 10pm (Pre-registration)
Thursday	July 4 10am to 7:30pm
Friday	July 5 (and films from
Saturday	July 6 7:30 pm-3:00am)
Sunday	July 7
Monday	July 8 10am to 5pm

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MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES!

Okay, gang, here's your once-in-a-lifetime [well, not exactly, but. . . . .] chance to pick up some rare and valuable back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES, the first newspaper of horror, science fiction and fantasy. WE've got issues on everything—just look at our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your crypt wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.

TMT 1. COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS. Our special premier issue reviews and rates some of the Most Wild Sword, Horror, SUPERNATU.DER GOLEM and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Bemi Wrightson interview, color poster and Wrightson's NOSFERATU comic strip!

$2 & 25¢

TMT 2. SPECIAL STAR TREK EDITION. Our first all STAR TREK issue, featuring the "Star Trek Saga", interview with William Shatner, profile of Leonard Nimoy and story on Gene Roddenberry. Also Boyd Mainzer's Star Trek color centerfold, STAR TREK comics and "Beauty and men of the '30's."

$2& 25¢

TMT 3. GIANT BUGS ON THE MUNCH. Filmbook of bug classic "Empire of the Ants", "Bugs in the Comics" by Mark Wolfman, "The Empire of the Ants" by H. G. Wells, a Rich Buckler comic strip and a review of "Joan Lee at Carnegie Hall". Also a giant KONG color poster and part two of "The Men Who Saved Kong."

$1 & 25¢

TMT 4. BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Filmbook of the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, review of THE PULPS, article on GREEN LANTERN/Green Arrow, a two page Jeff Jones comic strip, review of "Dan Curtis' Dracula" and the worst films of 1971.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 5. CREATURE" FEATURED. Filmbook and giant color poster of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, interview with TARZAN comics Joe Kubert, Humphrey Bogart's only strip in color, Roger Corman meets Edgar A. Poe, "Dracula Goes To Gaul," and the worst films of 1971.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 6. ZOMBIES ON PARADE. Features a zombie film survey, "Zombies in the Comics", THE ASTRO ZOMBIES, THE OMEGA MAN, a Dan Green comic strip, review of Berni Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and a zombie color centerfold. You'll never want to see zombies again....ever.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 11. PLANET OF THE APES. Filmbook and centerfold of PLANET OF THE APES, the final apes movie. Also includes CONAN in the comics, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, FRITZ THE CAT, an interview with Dracula, coverage of the Godard Gallery's comic exhibit and Hamilsphere's Blood meeting.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 12. GORGEOUS GORGE. Filmbook and color centerfold on GORGO, review of Stoneham's HISTORY OF COMICS, more Blood movies, more Seymour, Behind the Scenes at the PLANET OF THE APES, preview of VILLAINS OF THE MIDST and GORGEOUS GAME and a special on comic strip.

$1 & 25¢

TMT. 14. WICKED WOLFMAN. Features a filmbook and color centerfold of WOLFMAN, Lambiek on comics, Chaykovsky ing, THE PHANTOM, GODZILLA, "Behind the Scenes at SILENT RUNNING," review of SCIENCE FICTION FILM CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Cushing.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 15. VALLEY OF GWANGI. Filmbook and centerfold on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, an interview with Alfred Hitchcock, "Vampires in the Comics," preview of BLACKULA, THE PLANET MONSTERS, review of HM, magazine, Godzilla's mail column, some real monsters and "WOMEN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS."

$1 & 25¢

TMT 16. GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT!. Our spectacular issue breaking the story that Godzilla is running for president! Also included are articles on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, COUNT YORGA and still more PLANT MONSTERS. An interview with Vincent Price and "Comics Go to College."

$1 & 25¢

TMT 17. SUPER SCIENCE FICTION. Filmbook and color centerfold of FORBIDDEN PLANET, review of FLASH GORDON HERITAGE, THE MYSTERIANS, behind the scenes at the latest apes movie, SF TV GUIDE, preview of ASYLUM, interview with Rod Serling and review of the WORLD-CON.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 18. PIEDRAS BLANCAS MONSTER. Filmbook and color centerfold on the classic 1"1 MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, Willis O'Brien's missing monsters, preview of DRACULA A.D. 1972, "When Monsters Ruled the Comics," Perry Rhodan of Germany, Finn Annual Monster Poll and King Kong comics.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 19. TERRIFYING TARANTULA. Filmbook and color centerfold on TARANTULA, articles on Dr. Death and Dr. Shock, the return of E.C. comics, "Hercules in the Comics," Late Film roundup, review of some recent monster movie campaigns, and some really repulsive comics.

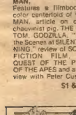
$1 & 25¢

TMT 20. STILL MORE S-F AND STAR TREK. Our third sf issue contains a 12-page STAR TREK pullout, which includes our already classic "Keep On Truckin'" poster, STAR TREK filmography, STAR TREK Yellow Pages, review of the STAR TREK books and Mr. Spock cartoons. Also FU MANCHU.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 21. THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN. Filmbook on 1931's FRANKENSTEIN, a complete FRANKENSTEIN filmography, the real Castle Frankenstein, The Decline of Frankenstein, interview with Glen Strange, Frankenstein in the Comics, and a color centerfold with all the FRANKENSTEINS of the movies.

$1 & 25¢



TMT 22. GREEN SLIME BLUES. Filmbook on GREEN SLIME, interview on THE VAULT OF HORROR, Godzilla vs. GIGANTIS, GENESIS II, article on New York's CREEP, results of the Monster Poll, review of the KLINE PORTFOLIO, and a trip to the Amicus studios. Also, TMT's exclusive MI. MONSTERMORE. Seeing is believing!

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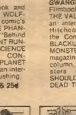
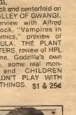


TMT 23. GAGZOOKS, GODZILLA. A special 40 page magazine issue on TMT devoted to GODZILLA and his friends, including a GODZILLA filmbook, four color GODZILLA posters, the friends of GODZILLA, Tom Sutton's super comic strip RAT! and more on the greatest Beast in the World, Godzilla. **$1 & 25¢**



TMT 24. REGAL RODAN Filmbook on RODAN with a free color centerfold of same. Also Basil Wolverton comics' THEATRE OF BLOOD, Review of HISTORY OF COMICS vol. 2, the Last of The Planet of The Apes and much more in our special BILL OF RIGHTS issue.

$1 & 25¢

TMT 25, THE FANTASTIC FLY. Leading off with a double filmbook on THE FLY and THE RETURN OF THE FLY and a Fly centerfold. Also articles about **CAPT. MARVEL'S** creator, C.C. Beck and **BROOM-HILDA's** Russell Myers. Also, Ludwig and their monsters and WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS. A fantastic mixed bag issue.

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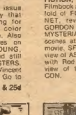
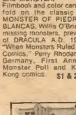


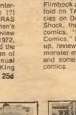
TMT #26 DESTROY ALL MONSTERS! Our fabulous DESTROY ALL MONSTERS issue, featuring filmbook and centerfold. Also included are exclusive articles on the STAR TREK cartoon, articles on Superman's Metropolis Museum, Wax Museum, New York Comicon, hot stills, horror in the media and Roddy Hatton.

$1 & 25¢



THE MONSTER TIMES #27. VAMPIRES' PARADE. Our special all-vampire issue, featuring Forgotten Vampire Classics of the Screen, an articles on The Decline and Fall of Bela Lugosi, a Neal Adams vampire centerfold, review of DREAM OF DRACULA and the long-awaited Jean Franco COUNT DRACULA. Also Esteban Maroto article.

$1 & 25¢



TMT #28. HUNCHBACK SPECIAL. . . . A special on Lon Chaney Hunchback issue with centerfold puppet of the Hunchback, an article and illustrations on Chaney's make-up techniques. Also, PLASTIC MAN, Willis O'Brien's BLACK SCORPION, new Hammer releases and the WAX MUSEUM.

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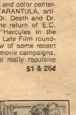


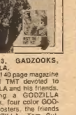
TMT #29. ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. Filmbook on the Universal Films Classic HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, E.C. comics, television cartoon guide, two Abominable Snowmen articles, Gene Colan's Dracula, Marvel's **BAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE**, also **FROM HELL IT CAME** AND Death is a Woman of Life

$1 & 25¢

TMT #30. SHOCK & SCHLOCK SPECIAL. All-WORD issue, with filmbook on THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH, 50 Worst Horror Films Ever Made, the Worst Movie of All Time, and a portrait of low-budget filmmaker Ray Dennis Steckler. Also included: Teenage Monster Movies of the 50's, an interview with Schlock filmmaker William Grefe, the Worst Movie Songs, the Horror Flop and a preview of SCHLOCK, monster movie satire.

THE MONSTER TIMES #31. MARAUDING MARTIAN ISSUE. Our all Martian issue, including a super filmbook and centerfold of **WAR OF THE WORLDS.** Also includes an article and comic strip on **INVADERS FROM MARS**, Martians in the Comics and many other Martian features.

$1 & 25¢



TMT #32. BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. $1. plus 25 cents. That roaring rhinosaurus heads a creature cast that includes MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST MONSTERS, MEXICAN MONSTERS, and the WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON. Also Gene Roddenberry's QUESTOR series and a profile of the late Kung Fu star Bruce Lee

TMT #33. ALL-APE ISSUE! $1 & 25¢. Super Simian Special includes complete story of all 5 PLANET OF THE APES films. Photo-illustrated Ape Movie Survey—full history of celluloid simians—plus: TOP BANANAS, a complete history of Apes in the Comics, KAMANDI, production scenes from KING KONG.

TMT TV SCI-FI SPECIAL SALUTE. Our special 40 page magazine devoted to STAR TREK and the best in TV SF. Six color pin-up STAR TREK posters, 1972 STAR TREK CALENDAR, THE OUTER LIMITS, LOST IN SPACE, U.F.O., STAR TREK quiz, THE SPACE GIANTS, and four stories on the STAR TREK cast of characters. **$1.50 & 25¢**

TMT COLLECTORS' ISSUE No. 2. **"THE PEOPLE OF STAR TREK,"** Inside stories on all the STAR TREK stars and the immortal characters they portrayed: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, James Doohan and the rest of the ST crew. Plus: Many exciting illustrations & photos.

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MADHOUSE

Continued from page 25

Apparently not everyone is enamoured of Dr. Death's performance. Here an unseen critic attempts to give the black-cloaked Thespian the axe. A critic with any sensitivity would have settled for a hook.

part, I'll have to be honest and say I really don't know at this point. Cushing plays a film actor known as Herbert Flay. The original script had Flay's wife falling madly in love with "Dr. Death." If that's the case, Cushing's role can't be too small. I certainly hope that he fares better than in previous screen appearances with Price in **SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN** and **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN.**

Very little has to be said about Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, or Robert Quarry. If you're reading TMT, you're almost certainly familiar with their screen credits and can probably recite Hammer's list of Cushing films verbatim. You're almost certainly familiar with all the films Price has made in Britain and the United States. And you wouldn't be much of a horror film fan if you didn't know Robert Quarry as "Count Yorga." But even the lesser-known players in **MADHOUSE** will be familiar to avid fright film fans. Adrienne Corri plays the demented Faye Flay, who finds herself head-over-heels in love with "Dr. Death." You may remember that very lovely actress from her film roles in **VAMPIRE CIRCUS** and **STUDY IN TERROR.** If you're a television fan, you've seen her on many of the top-rated British series, like **UFO** and **JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN.** Adrienne isn't the only fright film veteran in the cast. While some may argue that 19-year-old Linda Hayden is a little too young to be called a "veteran," she certainly does have experience in the field of horror, having appeared in both **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** and **BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW.** In **MADHOUSE** she plays a young starlet murdered in a mysterious manner.

NOTES FROM THE MADHOUSE

The interiors for **MADHOUSE** were shot at Twickenham Studios, a small movie-making complex in the quiet little village of St. Margarets. If you're at all familiar with Hollywood studios, your first visit to Twickenham will be a bit of a shock! The sound stages, offices, prop department, etc. are all crammed together on a small lot that takes up less than the area of a city block. There is no back lot at Twickenham, so exteriors are shot in the village itself, or in the surrounding countryside. The sound stages on the Twickenham lot are every bit as sophisticated as those at larger studios. The sets I saw for **MADHOUSE** were quite impressive, including an eerie laboratory that looks like something out of the **DR. PHIBES** films.

The actors themselves seemed to be enjoying it all. I watched Cushing and Price rehearse a dueling scene and they were like a couple of kids getting their kicks by playing make-believe swordsmen. But when it came time to actually shoot the scene, all the fooling around came to an end. The two actors were the perfect examples of professionals at work. Off the set, both were more than willing to talk about the new film. Cushing said he enjoyed working for Amicus because they were so efficient and friendly. (Cushing has been working for the company, on and off, since 1964, when he appeared in **DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS.**) He stressed that this should in no way be taken as any lessening of his admiration for Hammer. As he put it, "I feel a part of the 'Hammer Family'." When I spoke with Cushing, he was just wrapping up shooting on **MADHOUSE** and getting ready to report to work at Shepperton for yet another Amicus fright film, **TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE** (see TMT #28). Price seemed to be having as much fun as anyone else connected with the picture. There seemed to be a special bond between Price and the crew. One fellow told me that Price showed up for the first day of filming and promptly gave each member of the crew a pound (about $2.50) to bet on Derby Day at the famous Epsom Downs. No wonder the crew liked him!

Amicus has chosen a young and very talented director for **MADHOUSE.** I watched Jim Clark on the set and found myself very much impressed with the way he handled the actors. The atmosphere was quiet and relaxed until the time came for a final "take." Then Clark took complete control! When he said "quiet on the set," he meant it! Curiously enough, most of Clark's experience has been in editing, not directing. (Amicus has had tremendous luck with relatively new directors who studied their craft in the editing room.)

At this writing, while I've seen some of the rushes, I haven't seen the completed film. I can only say that, from what I've seen so far, **MADHOUSE** could well turn out to be boxoffice magic for AIP. If it does do as well as expected, be prepared for a whole rash of star-studded fright flicks, in the old **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN-HOUSE OF DRACULA** tradition.

Vincent Price turns it on for the camera in a scene from **MADHOUSE.** Like **THEATER OF BLOOD** and other recent Price vehicles, **MADHOUSE** has added several dashes of black humor to the otherwise sinister cinematic stew.

Marvel's MAN-THING takes time out to catch a falling baby in this strip written by Gerry Conway and drawn by TMT contributor Gray Morrow, whose mighty brush-strokes have helped make this character one of the most popular of Comicdom's shapeless swamp creatures.

CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURES! Continued from page 13

proposed airport on the site. Man-Thing and Jennifer combat this construction and succeed in saving the earth from possible takeover from these other-worldly beings.

Finally, the popularity of the Man-Thing led to his own comic and a continuation of the kind of stories that made him popular. Stories cosmic in scope in which the Man-Thing is but a pawn, though a powerful pawn, one who can win and lose games on his own initiative. The **MAN-THING** comic is one of Marvel's most successful. As Roy Thomas says: "**MAN-THING** does very well."

MALODOROUS MONSTER

Skywald, meanwhile, had been in the Swamp Creature field for some time. They introduced their new version of the Heap in the second issue of **PSYCHO.** Like the original Heap of "Airboy" days, this one was the result of an airplane accident. Young pilot Jim Roberts' plane is sabotaged by his "friend" Bill Ryan in order to get Roberts' girl friend, Audrey, and the $100,000 insurance policy Roberts has left to her. But when Roberts' plane crashes into a container of Army nerve gas, he is not killed, but changed into a slag heap monster which eats garbage and smells awful. Of course, the monster gets revenge and fades into the night.

In later issues the Heap goes on to battle the Horror-Master (a mad scientist-type who resurrects corpses and uses them for evil purposes), Dr. Frankenstein, and others too numerous to mention. Finally, as Skywald switched to the "horror-mood" format (which certainly is horrible), the Heap went completely insane, did evil things like squashing innocent babes, and, ultimately, fell many thousands of feet off a high-flying aircraft to land in a farmyard. But not just any farmyard ... the farmyard of his mother and father! They, of course, recognize him immediately and nurse him back to health. Now sane again, the Heap presumably lives a happy life among the old folks doing the farm chores.

The Heap suffered from one major difficulty that none of his fellow Swamp Creatures had to endure. He was always done by second-rate (sometimes third- and fourth-rate) artists, men who did not have the power to get something transcendant out of a cliche-ridden story. As a result, the Heap lacked the power of a Swamp Thing or Man-Thing. Perhaps that is why he no longer exists.

MELANCHOLY MONSTER

So far, Warren has not gotten too deeply into the swamp creature format. Their sole effort has been **MARVIN THE DEAD THING.** Nicely drawn by Esteban Maroto, Marvin's story line tells of a klutzy clerk whose attempt at suicide results in his being changed into a deformed monster. Unlike the rest of the swamp ilk, Marvin does not want revenge ... he just wants death. But when he awakens to find himself alive (not realizing the changes that have taken place), Marvin, klutz to the end, attempts to go to work at his old job. The city folk are naturally upset at his appearance, and, after a couple of police gunshots and some general pandemonium, Marvin realizes that he has changed. Retreating to the swamp, where he's befriended by a little girl, he finds contentment for the first time in his life. And when the girl is killed by hunters, Marvin doesn't go after revenge, but takes the body of his friend and tosses it into the same waters that gave him birth. Miraculously, she too is reborn, and Marvin now has a permanent friend and playmate. A touching an opportunity for happiness. (Bring up violins and lower curtains, maestro.)

Unlike the other Swamp Creature tales, **MARVIN THE DEAD THING** is both non-violent and somewhat tongue-in-cheek. Al Milgrom's script is a gentle one, treating human loneliness and man's inhumanity toward man. **MARVIN THE DEAD THING** stands as the only swamp creature to have an idyllic existence. He's also the only one (so far) without a sequal (although a series is planned).

So the swamp creature is here to stay. That ungainly, hideously misshapen being formed by science and swamp ooze seems to have taken a firm hold on the comic-reading public. With National's **SWAMP THING** the big success of 1972-3 and **MAN-THING** raking in great profits, it seems the era of the Swamp Creature will continue a while longer.

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THE TIME MACHINE

Continued from page 5

As I approached the shrieking edifice, I saw that the door to it was open! Like conditioned cattle, the Eloi moved through the opening. I was able to catch a glimpse of Weena as she too entered the structure. My heart pounding, I ran toward the sphinx, but it was too late! The door had closed.

When the sirens stopped, the people who were left outside suddenly turned away, visibly afraid. I grabbed one and asked, "Where are you going? We have to help them!"

Still in a trance, the fellow commented blandly, "There is nothing to fear now. It is all clear."

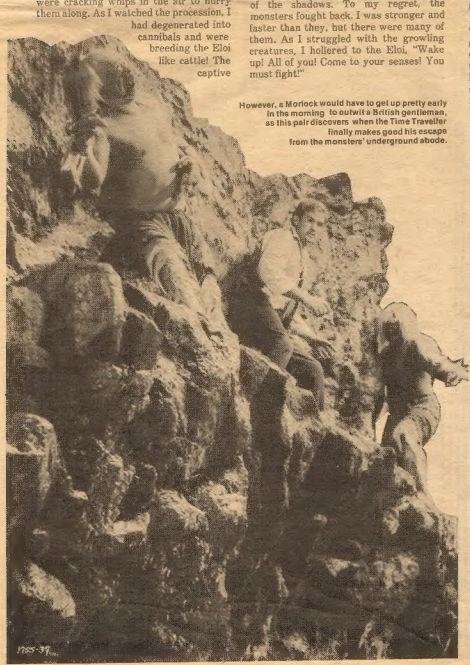
His words made me realize the obvious truth. I shook him and yelled, "What do you mean, 'All clear?' There is no war! No bombs! That ended centuries ago! Don't you understand? You're being led to slaughter like sheep! How will those others get back?"

He just stared straight ahead and replied, "They never come back. No one can bring them back."

I knew that I alone could help the captured Eloi; I was Weena's only hope. Returning to the well, I descended into the stygian darkness. As I moved down a passageway, the steady throbbing of machinery echoed through the blackness.

I soon came to a dimly-lit subterranean cavern. Green, horrible-looking mutants worked the machines. They were apparently able to see in the dark, for they worked efficiently, and their eyes gave off an eerie glow. This was the world of the Morlocks!

Momentarily, the captives arrived, still in their trance-like state, moving down a spiral walkway. Some of the Morlocks were cracking whips in the air to hurry them along. As I watched the procession, I had degenerated into cannibals and were breeding the Eloi like cattle! The captive



However, a Morlock would have to get up pretty early in the morning to outwit a British gentleman, as this pair discovers when the Time Traveller finally makes good his escape from the monsters' underground abode.

Armed only with a whip and English ingenuity (a commodity that preceded its famed American counterpart by several centuries), the Victorian adventurer continues to wage what would appear to be a losing battle against the savage Morlock hordes.

looked down for a moment and saw human bones scattered about ... and immediately realized the shocking truth! The Morlocks Eloi, through their conditioned fear of atomic attack, were being led to their deaths!

Hoping that the Morlocks would be as passive as the humans, I charged from out of the shadows. To my regret, the monsters fought back. I was stronger and faster than they, but there were many of them. As I struggled with the growling creatures, I hollered to the Eloi, "Wake up! All of you! Come to your senses! You must fight!"

I battled furiously, hoping that the Eloi would follow suit. I managed to grab one of the whips, and for a time my foes and I used the stinging weapons to exchange blows! Then I remembered that the Morlocks could not stand light! I lit a match, and my inhuman opponents fell back, shrieking! To them, the tiny match gave off as much radiance as the sun itself!

As long as the light shone, I was safe. When it burned out, the monsters advanced, menacingly. As soon as my second match interrupted the darkness, they scurried back into the shadows. Knowing that I would soon deplete my supply of matches, I grabbed a stick and made a torch out of it. I then started leading the Eloi—who had done nothing but watch the battle—in the direction of the wells.

All of a sudden, one of the Morlocks ran forward and knocked the torch from my hand. Seconds later, the entire inhuman horde closed in around me.

THE ELOI AWAKE!

I faced certain death, when suddenly one of the male Eloi punched a Morlock and knocked it to the ground! This was what I had prayed for! The aggressive spark spread throughout the captives. The action of the single young man seemed to instill a new courage in all the Eloi and, for the first time in their lives, they fought back! The green monsters were surprised and rapidly overpowered! We battled our way to the wells and, as my companions ascended to the surface, I threw my torch into a cauldron filled with oil! With a roar, flames erupted, spreading quickly to other parts of the cavern!

As I reached the surface, flames shot out of the ground in several places. Thick layers of smoke poured forth from the wells, and I saw our chance to destroy the Morlocks. "Ignite the other wells!" I shouted. "We must prevent the Morlocks from escaping!"

We ignited the openings, adding to the roaring inferno below. A moment later, a distant rumble was heard. We escaped the area in time to see the world of the Morlocks erupt with a deafening explosion.

"They're gone," I told my companions, "but so is your life of leisure. From now on, you'll have to work to survive." From the looks on their faces, I knew that they could start over again.

Just as I had resigned myself to a life in the future, one of the Eloi informed me that the door to the sphinx was open! I had to save my machine! I hoped to go back to the year 1900 and then return to the far future. Flames were already licking at my device, and I knew I had to hurry!

I reached the machine ahead of the others. "I'll be back!" I shouted to Weena. "I'll be back!" Then the door slammed shut! From deep within the structure, I heard rasping growls. Some of the creatures had survived and were trying to escape from the flames and blinding smoke! Several of them lumbered out of the darkness. They were upon me just as I had replaced the crystal knob! I frantically knocked the wild assailants off the device and started the machine. The time clock spun wildly as I propelled myself back through the eons ...

I stopped my journey on January 5, 1900. Of course, I arrived outside my house, since my device had been moved by the Morlocks. After telling my friends about my experience, I handed them the magnificent flower that Weena had given me. They did not know what to think, for no species of its kind existed on Earth at that time. Nonetheless, only David believed my tale. With a lump in my throat, I bid him goodbye.

After they had all left, I returned to my laboratory. I moved the time machine so that it would reappear in the future outside the sphinx. Then I chose three books to take with me.

And I left the 20th century—forever ...

The time machine that appeared on the cover of the CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED version of the Wells' book was a good deal more elaborate than the one fashioned for the film.

THE TIME MACHINE (1960). MGM. Running Time: 103 minutes. Produced and directed by George Pal. Screenplay by David Duncan, from the novel by H.G. Wells. Starring Rod Taylor (Time Traveler), Alan Young (David/James), Yvette Mimieux (Weena), Sebastian Cabot, Tom Helmore, Whit Bissell, Doris Lloyd.

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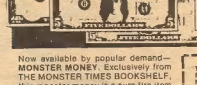

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For Sale: All kinds of comics. Fly by night prices. Send SASE for list. Jim Lee, Box 1, Rutherford, NJ 07070.

Wanted: Pen pal, either sex, age 12-14, who is interested in Star Trek, science fiction, Star Trek fanzines, Send to: Richard Jr. Wood, Box 1, Dan Woods Subdivision, Newport, RI 02840.

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